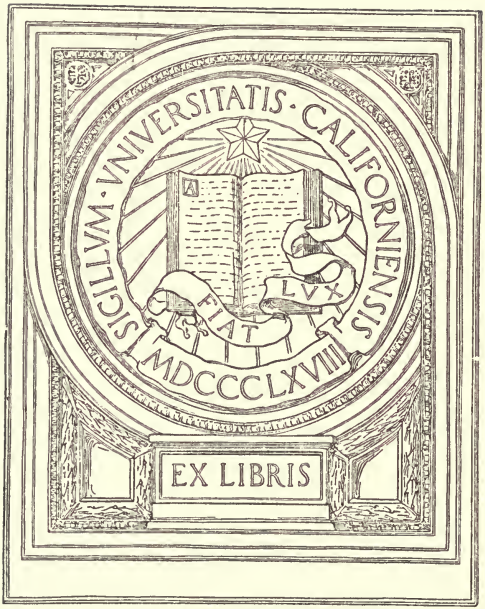
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FRONTIER STORIES

BY

CY WARMAN

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Frontier Stories

THE COLUMBINE OF CRIPPLE CREEK

ONCE there was war at Cripple Creek — red-mouthed war, as they say in battle tales. It all began when the miners of the district went on strike. First they simply quit work, and there was idleness. Then they objected to anybody else working, and there was trouble; and finally they fortified Bull Hill, placed a small cannon at the top, and there was anarchy.

Two railroads ran to Cripple Creek from Colorado Springs, and they were soon competing for the business of carrying deputy sheriffs to the turbulent camp.

From the "Heart of the Lion" district in the far northwest came trouble-loving foreigners of almost every faith and many

tongues. These men built strong forts, into which they piled rifles, revolvers, salt meat, and dynamite. War correspondents from the Denver dailies wrote thrilling stories of battles in the bush, and told wonderful tales of deadly dynamite mines that had been laid in the path of the sheriff's army. From the larger cities of the West, men who were unhappily married, who could n't whistle a tune, or had some other good and valid reason for courting death, came and offered themselves either to the county or to the strikers.

One rainy night a train-load of deputy sheriffs arrived at the Divide, where they left the train and began to march across the range to the riotous camp. All night they tramped, tramped the slippery trail; while up the opposite side of the range a locomotive toiled over a new and uncertain track, with another train-load of men who were coming to the rescue of the State.

It was not yet light when the train came to a stop in sight of the terminal, and instantly a dozen rifles rattled in the cedars, and the windows of the coaches were shattered. The

sheriff, or deputy in command, was instantly killed, but his successor ordered the men to charge the rioters, and in that charge another life was lost. A desperado who had joined the strikers and who had a natural hatred for an officer of the law, faced a single deputy in a narrow trail and offered battle. The officer, who happened to be a quick shot, had the good fortune to "wing" his antagonist at the first exchange of compliments, and the latter, having lost the use of his pistol arm, turned and ran. The sheriff gave chase, and in the gray dawn saw the man dodge either in or around a board house. As the man disappeared the sheriff sent a couple of bullets after him. Now the door of the house opened quickly; a figure in a long robe stood upon the threshold, and seeing the man driving straight for the house with drawn and smoking pistol, raised its right arm and fired. The sheriff fell to the ground, shot through the right lung with a forty-four calibre cartridge. The figure upon the threshold waited a moment, and when nobody came, advanced slowly to where the wounded man lay and

bent over him. The man was already unconscious, but evidently still alive, and in that condition was carried into the house with such tenderness as one would not expect to receive in so rough a community at such a time.

It was broad daylight when the wounded man opened his eyes and asked, with the air of a fainting actress, "Where am I?"

"In the house of a friend," said the other.

The sick man closed his eyes for a moment to collect his thoughts, and as he opened them again he saw the figure disappearing behind the chenille hangings.

Only three or four men sat down to breakfast at Mrs. Collins's boarding-house on the morning of the first battle. There had been fighting; two men had been killed, and the strikers had retired behind the breastworks.

A local doctor had split the skin below the sheriff's shoulder-blade, removed the lead, sluiced the wound, left a man to look after the patient, and promised to call again. He did call again, and again, until the strikers waited

upon him one dark night, and informed him that if he continued to doctor the deputy sheriff, who had come to the camp to shoot innocent workingmen for so much a day, he would be made to suffer for it.

"Do you mean to say that the miners will boycott me if I save this man's life?" asked the doctor, indignantly.

"Well, not exactly," the spokesman replied. "We 'll most like give ye notice, an' if ye still hang about — well, ye won't need no patients — see?"

Although he had prided himself on being the first doctor in the camp, and on knowing every man in the district by sight, at least, these faces were all new to the doctor.

The business at Mrs. Collins's boarding-house fell off during the strike to such an extent that she was obliged to discharge the cook, employ a man to wait at the table, and go into the kitchen herself. The old men would not boycott her, but they kept away. The boycotted doctor, who had heard of her trouble and knew the cause of it, came to patronize the widow's boarding-house, for

misery loves company. Finally she let the waiter go.

At last June came and put the winter away. The strike had been "declared off," but none of the former boarders had returned to the table of the widow Collins. She was harboring a hated deputy, the story went, who had been wounded at her very door, — shot through the right lung, — and they would not eat under her roof so long as this man remained. The doctor's practice had suffered, but he had a bank account that had grown up with the camp, and continued to pay his board at the widow's, where his best paying patient was beginning to convalesce.

Mrs. Collins found plenty of time to devote to the wounded deputy, now that she had no boarders (if we except the doctor), and often sat for hours together reading aloud to him. Nuns have lost their hearts to handsome patients; priests have forgotten their vows under the soft pressure of a woman's hand, and these people were not stronger than priests and nuns. The deputy soon began to listen for the first

footsteps of his gentle hostess, and to mark them as she went to and fro about her morning's work. In time he could tell by the rattle of plates when the last of the breakfast dishes were being put away.

"You may go out and get the air now, John," he would say to his attendant.

"Just bang on the windy, mum, if I am wanted," John would say, for he knew a few little things, and Mrs. Collins would nod her head goodnaturedly and reach for the broom to give the dining-room a brushing up. Of course she prided herself on her ability to keep her little secret, and the sick man, who had given himself over to single-blessedness a decade ago, knew that if he ever fell in love not a soul would know of it.

And that 's the way things went on till the end of June, and the sick man stood in the middle of summer with the wild grass about his feet, wild birds above, his hands full of flowers, and his heart full of love.

One day Mrs. Collins went up the hill a little way with them to show them a pretty spring, with columbine all about it; and when

they had found the place, John (he was Irish) climbed away up the mountain side, almost out of sight, and the lovers were left alone. The panorama that spread out before them was beyond description. The world was especially beautiful to the man, for he had fallen asleep, as it were, when winter was everywhere in the hills, and now awoke to see the summer in its matchless mantle of many-shaded green. Away down at the foot of the hill lay the little valley, where in winter the snow, and in summer the grass, will touch your stirrups if you ride that way. Across the valley crept a narrow ribbon of water, and far to the north the new grade of the Midland Railway tumbled down into the dark cañon. To the east and a little south rose a mile of mountain — that was Pike's Peak, standing there in the blaze of summer like a great queen in a green gown and a white mantle. A black plume fluttered from her spotless crest and floated down into the dark shadows below her shoulders — that was the smoke of a locomotive away up there against the sky.

One day when they had gone to the spring and the intellectual Irishman had left them alone, Mrs. Collins climbed up into a little side gulch where they had seen some beautiful flowers, and when she returned she had her hands full of rough native rock. Her face was all aglow with excitement as she assured her companion that it was pay dirt. She had been all her life in the hills. Her father had been an assayer, and Mr. Collins superintendent of mines. The man, who knew nothing of mineral rock, looked at her and smiled, glad to encourage her, for she became radiantly beautiful to him, away there in the hills, as she tried to explain to him the nature of the rock and how it came to be there so near the surface. It was a "blow out," a chimney of ore, she said, and when John came down she made him plant a stake, upon which she wrote the sheriff's name.

The next day Mrs. Collins would go up to the claim again. She was so enthusiastic over it that her lodger began to be sorry for her, and when she said she would like to sink a shaft, he set John to digging a hole near the

stake. By the time the hole was ten feet deep the sick man was strong enough to draw the bucket out. Day after day they worked at the claim, John at the bottom, the deputy at the top, and Mrs. Collins coming up two or three times a day to sample the ore and offer valuable suggestions as to the proper timbers to be used. The man who was working the windlass thought the timbering was a waste of time. "For," said he, "when we have grown tired of this playing at prospecting we 'll haul up the rope and let the hole fill up."

"We 'll all be rich," said Mrs. Collins, "before this shaft fills up."

They had worked the claim more than a month, made love and lost money, but there was no understanding between Mrs. Collins and her companion as to the condition of the partnership. His name was on the stake; they both knew that; but the claim was hers by right of discovery, as was his heart by the same token. They seemed to have reached that happy state wherein it is more glorious to give than to receive, and went on drilling and

trusting each other blindly. Mrs. Collins had faith in the future of the "Columbine," as she called the claim, and he was happy, willing to toil all day to see her smile at night. The trusting pair were as busy as they were happy, while John and Cupid were both working over time. John's salary had been doubled since his duties had increased. Every Saturday night he received eighteen shining dollars, and every Sunday slipped in through a side door and left them in the vault of the First National Bank of Cripple Creek. The smooth-faced, boyish-looking cashier (he was Irish, too) came in time to expect John of a Sunday morning as a freighter expects a cocktail.

It was during John's absence one Sunday that Mrs. Collins discovered in an Eastern review an illustrated account of the Cripple Creek war. She had begun to read it aloud, when, suddenly, upon turning a page, she came to a portrait which she recognized, — the picture of one of the deputy sheriffs who had been killed. A dozen lines recounted the virtues of the dead deputy, of whose past life up to that time she had known very little, and

cared less. This she had been reading in silence, her bosom heaving with emotion, until at its conclusion two tears stole through her lashes and fell upon the page. Her companion had been watching her intently, and at sight of her tears crossed the small space that was between them and took a seat beside her on the little hair-cloth *tête-à-tête*. In the open book he looked upon his own likeness, and read the lines that told at once of his life and death, the reading of which had so affected her, and he guessed that she must love him. Many times she had thrilled at the sound of his voice, and he at the touch of her garments as she brushed past him, but never had they been so near each other as now. Those who have sat near the flame of a divine passion know what it is; those who have not have the best of their lives to live. It is something to be felt and not talked about, and we shall not attempt to describe this scene. We know that before John returned there was a complete understanding between the two prospectors. The name upon the stake was not to be changed, and it was to be her name as well.

It was here, also, at this time, that the erstwhile deputy learned the name of his long-robed assailant; for Mrs. Collins would not consent to be his wife until she had told him it was her hand that had held the pistol that had almost taken his life; but he forgave her.

The happy prospector began to look at life seriously, now that he had elected to take a wife, and thought it time to stop this playing at mining, and devote his waking hours to something more profitable.

He had been sober and industrious all his life, and had saved some money. But Mrs. Collins had faith enough in the claim for a whole family, and when her future husband talked of abandoning the prospect she would not listen to the proposition.

"But let us engage in some other business," urged the man; "open a little shop, say, and prospect on the side. I have a thousand dollars in the First National Bank of Denver that would start us in business."

Mrs. Collins patted a protesting foot, looked out at the window and up the gulch where her

faith was. The prospector read his answer in her face.

"But if you say so," he went on, "we will blow it all against the prospect and start anew — what do you say?"

"Put it all into the 'Columbine,'" was her reply, as she slipped her hand into his, "and if we fail, we can work — we are both strong."

So the bank account was transferred to Cripple Creek, a full force was put to work, and the money began to burn. Mrs. Collins, anxious to do her part, insisted on boarding the men. The man who loved her objected, but yielded in the end, as he had done in the other matter, weakened his own hand, and helped her.

The days and weeks went by rapidly enough now. The summer had left the hills, but it stayed in the hearts of the happy lovers. Nature in this wonderland loses none of her beauty in changing from summer to autumn dress. The white mantle was deepening upon the shoulders of the queen of the foot hills;

winter's frosty finger had touched the quivering aspen and put about her waist a girth of gold, while her trailing gown was flowered with oaks aflame.

There was gold in the sunset and gold in the hills, but not a trace in the rock that came from the Columbine. The last dollar had been drawn from the bank, and the prospector was losing heart, but the brave woman urged him on. The men, being sure of their board, offered to work another week and trust the "boss" for their wages, and the proposition had been accepted. It was not until the afternoon of the last day of that last week's work that the character of the ore changed. Mrs. Collins had not visited the mine that day. Her heart had been too heavy to carry up the hill. When they had finished supper, and the men had gone, with empty pockets, to swell the crowds in the streets and saloons, John brought out a piece of the rock that had come up in the last bucket. He gave it to the woman, who looked at it, turned the lamp higher, and looked again.

"It 's ore! it 's ore!" she cried, holding

the piece of rock close to the light, as the two men drew near. She hugged it, kissed it, and wept over it, until the men were sorry for her. One of them put a hand gently upon her shoulder to attract her attention.

"You don't believe?" she asked, excitedly; "come with me."

The help in the kitchen shrank from the woman as she entered, thinking her mad. A peculiar characteristic of the mineral-bearing rock of this region is that, when exposed to intense heat, it will show beads of pure gold upon the surface. Mrs. Collins knew this, and she placed the rock on the top of the range, which, being full of pitch knots, was red hot. In a few moments the rock began to heat. The woman smiled triumphantly, while the rest stood about in open-mouthed amazement and watched the rock sweat gold.

"Now will you believe? Now will you believe?" cried Mrs. Collins, turning to the man who had called it "playing at prospecting;" and to the surprise of all she kissed him and burst into tears again, and he led her away.

"Jnſum Fin' um Paper-Talk"

"INJUN FIN' UM PAPER-TALK."

AWAY to the west and a little south, where the corners of Colorado, Utah, and Nevada come close together, there is a rough and roadless country, filled with high mountains, dark cañons, and deep and rapid rivers. Between the hills are verdant vales, notably the valley of the San Juan, where countless herds feed and wax fat. Here, for the past four or five years, old Hatch and his band of red robbers had made life a burden to stockmen, and the cattle business a losing game. They were mostly renegade Utes. Hatch himself was a troublesome mixture of Ute, Mexican, Hot Tamolla, and white man. He was short and stout, with a thick neck and an ugly, dark, round face that was seamed and scarred like the face of a German student.

He was an outlaw, a desperado pure and simple; a quick, impulsive, but dead shot, and he ruled his band, not with an iron hand, but with an iron rod with a hole in it. He was the one supreme judge who passed upon the acts of his associates, and from his decision there was no appeal. Hatch was quite a drunkard in his way, but he never allowed his men to drink while on duty. Once a Navajo, who had joined the gang, grew groggy while on picket duty. He slept the night away and up into the morning, and when old Hatch found him so he had him lashed to the cedar tree against which he reposed, and then stole softly away, leaving the luckless Navajo to be rudely awakened by a band of gaunt wolves that were already hanging about the camp. The heartless leader laughed when he thought how the Navajo would writhe and wriggle in a vain effort to break his bonds. "Mebby so," he said, "coyotes come and cut him rope, an' mebby so cut him th'oat." Just how it all ended I don't know, for all we found were the white bones of the drunken Navajo, with a rotten reata still about his arms, holding them

hard to the trunk of a tree that stood at the head of Epsum Wash. Doubtless, if you are passing that way, you may see them there still. The boy — a mere youth, who had run away from home to become a cowboy — who was our guide across this wild waste of the world's ballast, who showed us the bones and told this tale, was himself murdered by the "Red Band" in less than a month from the day we left him.

The murder of this boy, who was in the service of one of the large cattle companies, caused the stockmen on the San Juan to get together and resolve to put a quick end to the Red Band of desperadoes and outlaws. Many expeditions had been organized for the purpose of capturing or killing off the troublesome gang, but all efforts had failed. They were in Colorado to-day, in New Mexico to-morrow, and another day might see them in Nevada, or over the border into the territory of Utah. The little army that now went forth to avenge the death of the young cowboy was led by a reformed half-breed who had been for a brief season one of the gang. This half-

breed was rather intelligent, and had the reputation, among the Indians, of being able to decipher paper-talk, which to them seemed a marvellous accomplishment. About this time one of the robbers, who had just had his ears shot off by old Hatch for having awkwardly stampeded a band of horses which they were preparing to steal, deserted the Red Band and joined the cattle men. Prompted by a spirit of revenge this crop-eared outlaw cheerfully led the stockmen to the camp of the robbers, and the battle was on in no time. The deserter was recognized at once and promptly perforated by the members of the band, who, after emptying their rifles, galloped away, leaving two of their number behind. Instead of being frightened by this encounter, the Red Band became more desperate and daring than ever. In the meantime old Hatch came to be hated as much as he was feared by the members of his gang. They might have killed him off, and doubtless would have done so, only Hatch had a son who would naturally inherit the command, and who would just as naturally do some killing himself on his father's account;

so Hatch, Sr. — Hatch-a-Kaw, as he was called — was permitted to live.

One day the band was surprised by a company of cowboys, and a fierce and desperate fight followed. It had been quietly arranged among the members of the Red Band that their leader should be removed during the next engagement. A Navajo, who hated the Ute leader on general principles, and particularly because of his cruelty to the drunken man at Epsum Wash, had been selected to kill old Hatch. This particular battle was so fierce and fatal that it seemed for a time that old Hatch, who always fought at the head of his band, must surely fall; but he did not. Men went down at his very elbow and still he sat his horse as though he were bullet proof. The cowboys, fighting in a little open park, were at a great disadvantage, for the robbers were among the trees and rocks. Two of the cowboys had their horses shot from under them, and now as they leaped to places behind two of their companions, old Hatch shouted to his men, and the Red Band, uttering a wild yell, dashed forward in pursuit of the cowboys,

who were already flying from the field. The Navajo, who had been expecting old Hatch to fall at every volley from the cowboys, was disappointed. He had allowed the golden opportunity to pass, and the thought of it made him desperate. He had caught quick side glances from two or three of his companions during the engagement, and now as they charged he saw them laughing at him. They were calling him a coward — squaw — in their minds and the shame of it all made him mad. Young Hatch had caught the glances of the Red murderers and knew what it meant.

"Now! Now!" said one of the gang, riding close by the Navajo. But the firing from the enemy had already ceased, and the Navajo knew that if their leader were to fall now the circumstance would attract attention, and cause young Hatch to investigate. He did not know that the watchful heir apparent had an eye on him, and so when his companions called him "squaw" to his very face he raised his rifle and fired. The assassin had scarcely taken his eyes from his falling victim when a bullet from young Hatch's rifle passed through his

heart. Hatch had been in command less than four seconds when a third shot was fired in this mutinous engagement, and that bullet pierced the leader's right lung. At this point the gang seemed to lose heart, and when young Hatch wheeled his horse and faced them not a hand was raised against him. His face was hard, and his half-closed eyes were full of hate.

"Hatch-a-Kaw is dead," he said, waving a hand toward the fallen leader, "killed by one of his own people; he could not have been killed otherwise. Behold Hatch-a-Kaw-Kaw, the new leader, who cannot be killed!" and he pointed proudly to the torn place in his breast where the bullet had passed out. The gang were awed by this indisputable evidence of a charmed life, and only grunted and glanced suspiciously at one another.

"Does any man say," young Hatch went on, "that Hatch-a-Kaw-Kaw shall not command? If any man would lead this band let him first be shot as I have been, and if he die not, then let him eat of the lizard, the rattlesnake, and the owl, and if he still live he shall be chief of the Red Band."

This was unquestionably a fair proposition, but there were no takers. Three or four members of the gang reined their horses close together and discussed the matter, while young Hatch kept his small eyes playing from one to the other, for he was not quite sure about the charmed life he pretended to enjoy.

"We are willing," said one of the robbers, speaking for the conference committee, "that Hatch-a-Kaw-Kaw shall rule, but not as his father ruled."

"And what fault can you find in that just man?" demanded the leader.

"We object to being left lashed to a tree to be eaten up alive," said the spokesman.

"Very well," said Hatch, after a moment's thought. "Hereafter when a man deserves chastisement he shall be shot as becomes a warrior;" and the gang grunted their assent.

In a shallow grave they cached old Hatch, and by his side his assassin. The cowboys in their retreat had seen the fight and the fall of the desperate leader, and now from the cliffs above they witnessed the silent funeral. After the obsequies the new leader put himself at the

head of the gang, and they filed out over the foot-hills.

That night, when they had encamped, the peace pipe was brought, and when young Hatch had eaten the heart of an owl, the head of a rattlesnake, and swallowed a lizard, they all smoked, and Hatch-a-Kaw-Kaw was declared chief of the Red Band of Robbers.

"Now," said the reformed half-breed to his cowboy companions, "we can frighten this gang out of the country in another sleep. Old Hatch has assured them a thousand times that if he should ever be killed by his band he would come back when they slept and blind them and tear out their tongues. They believe this," he went on, "and if we can cause old Hatch to move about some, they will know he 's after them and fly the country."

The gang would camp, the half-breed argued, near the springs, "Hoss-Shoot-Em" springs, they are called, because a crazy Indian camped there for weeks and shot all the horses, wild and tame, that came there to drink. He fancied that horses were evil spirits, and as the Indians never kill a person who is *malade de tête*, Hoss-

Shoot-Em was not molested until the cowboys came and killed him off; then the springs took his name.

As soon as it was dark the cowboys uncovered old Hatch, carried him away and propped his lifeless body up by the springs; and when the Red Band came down to water their horses they found the dead leader sitting there in the moonlight, with his rifle resting across his lap. "See," said the young leader, "he comes silent like the lizard, watches in the night like an owl, and when the time comes he will strike like the rattlesnake — wuh!" And the gang wheeled about and galloped back to the hills.

Superstitious as they were, all these Indians were not cowards, and when daylight came they determined to revisit the springs, for they were famished for water, and so were their horses. It took them some time to work up nerve enough to approach the springs, but the horses, being almost crazed by thirst, helped them, and in time the riders drank as the other animals had done. They now concluded, while they were there, that it would be a good scheme to build a fire and cremate old Hatch, to stop his travelling about by night.

Hatch-a-Kaw-Kaw made one objection to this. They must first cut off the old man's head. The rest they might burn, but not the head. And it was so ordered.

When the body had been burned and the head buried the band went away and were troubled no more by the dead chief. It was not long before the cattle men were made aware that young Hatch was doing business at the old stand, and they set about to find out the last resting-place of the dead chief. Upon visiting the springs they found old Hatch's head, which the coyotes had unearthed and picked clean.

"If there is any one thing that will scare them to death," said the half-breed, "it 's the sight of paper-talk from the dead." When one of the cowboys had dug up an envelope with writing on it, the half-breed took the head of his former chief, hung it upon a cedar snag that stood close by the trail along which the robbers must come to the springs, rolled the envelope up and stuck it into old Hatch's eyes.

That night when the gang came down the trail they found the grinning face of old Hatch on the cedar snag, and stopped. One daring

young redskin began to ride in a circle round the cedar, coming nearer and nearer at each turn, but when he saw the paper he stopped. If it were blank white paper, as it seemed to be, there was no harm in it; so the daring redskin snatched the envelope and galloped back to the gang.

"Paper talk," said the chief, as he unfolded the envelope and hurriedly handed it back to the Indian who had brought it.

"What him say?" asked the chief.

"Me no sabbe," said the Ute, eying the envelope. "Ony Run-a-way Bill, him sabbe paper-talk — me fin' um Bill," and before an objection could be offered the young robber drove his heel hard against his pony and galloped away in the direction of the ranch where the half-breed was employed.

It was daylight when the Indian reached the ranch, and when he saw the half-breed ride to the range he rode after him. When they were far in the hills the Indian galloped up to the half-breed, holding out the paper.

"See, Bill, see!" he cried, shaking the envelope; "me fin 'um paper-talk, old Hatch's

eye, devil, spider. Bill, what he say? — quick, what he say? "

The half-breed took the paper and pretended to read, then he opened his mouth wide and glanced about hurriedly.

"Quick, Bill! quick!" urged the Indian, grasping the arm of his companion. "What 'e say?"

"One more sleep," began the cowboy, looking at the envelope, "an' old Hatch come back an' put out your eyes, an' pull out — "

"Say, Bill, how many sleep he make um paper-talk? "

"Oh, me no sabbe. Mebby so one moon, mebby so half-moon."

"Spider Bill!" cried the Ute, filled with terror, "mabby so one sleep — uh! devil! hell!" and the Indian lay down close to the neck of his cayuse and dashed away for the springs.

When he had told the story of the paper-talk, and what it said, the gang put clubs to their horses and miles between them and Hoss-Shoot-Em, and from that day the band of Red Robbers has kept clear of the San Juan.

A Scalp For A Scalp

A SCALP FOR A SCALP.

"SEE that old cottonwood back of the roundhouse?" asked the superintendent as the car crashed by a small station far out on the plains. I saw the tree.

"Keep that in mind," said my friend, "and I 'll tell you a story — it ends at that tree."

The light train was now swinging around the long curves by the banks of a slowly running river; the official lighted a fresh cigar, put his feet up in an empty chair, and told the story:

"A band of bad Indians, under the ferocious Bear Foot, had been threatening us for three days. The scouts had scarcely slept for as many nights, and at dawn of the fourth morning trouble commenced. The Pawnees, who were on picket duty under government pay, were as wily as the Sioux, who were planning the capture of our little station. When the enemy had crept up almost into our camp, keeping under the bank of the river, they were

detected by the trained ear of the red scouts. The captain in command of the government forces was slow to believe that the river which ran past the roundhouse was literally alive with Sioux, but he knew the scout was too sly to advise an attack that was unnecessary.

"If the Sioux were actually creeping up in the darkness, under the bank of the stream, it was easy to guess the object. When they were there in sufficient numbers they would swarm out upon us like red ants, before the drowsy soldiers could get to their feet.

"The scout and the captain crept close to the river and lay upon the ground listening for any sound that might be made by the crawling Sioux. Occasionally they could hear a shuffling, scuffling sound, and now and then a low 'kerplunk' as a pebble rolled down the bank and fell into the water. In a little while the captain had become convinced that there were Indians in the river. How many, he could not tell, but he knew that Bear Foot would not come alone.

"The scouts were now awakened and lined up near the roundhouse, between the track and

the river. We had fifty men, mostly Pawnees, and they were now placed ten feet apart, so that we covered about five hundred feet of the river. The captain passed along the line and apprised the men of the danger. At the flash of a bull's-eye lamp in the roundhouse the men were to fall down and crawl up to within ten yards of the stream and lie quiet until dawn, unless the Sioux came out before that time. They had not been waiting ten minutes when a reef of feathers showed up along the bank. Instantly every one of the scouts levelled his gun at the Sioux, who, unable to see the soldiers, poised upon the edge of the bank to listen. The captain knew that his men had their fingers upon the triggers, and the first warning the Sioux had was the officer's command to his men to fire. Before the Sioux could gain their feet, or even drop behind the bank, the scouts blazed away. A dozen or more Indians rolled down into the river, but Bear Foot knew that we had but a handful of men, while he had hundreds. The sound of our rifles was still echoing in the grove down the river when the bank bristled again with

redskins. There was no need for the captain to order his men to fire now — the Pawnee scouts were hot stuff. They hated the Sioux as bitterly as it is possible for any human being to hate another, — presuming, of course, that Indians are human, — and instantly they let go again. The line of heads above the bank seemed to waver, but a moment later they reappeared ten times as many as before.

"The captain of the scouts saw at a glance that at the rate they were now coming from the river the Sioux would soon outnumber his force ten to one. The scouts at the beginning had a decided advantage over the attacking party, and the officer determined to hold it.

"They did not fight Indians with maps and charts, and the officers commanding the scouts rarely had the pleasure of overlooking a battle through a field-glass from the summit of a far-off hill. A man's head had to work rapidly, and his hands as well, and sometimes his feet. The Sioux fought close in, as the Romans fought, and the conflict was usually short and decisive.

"Seeing the Sioux determined and desperate,

the captain ordered his men to charge, and, leaping to their feet, the scouts advanced at a run, firing as they went. Many of the warriors were swept back by the charge, but others came up out of the dark river to take their places. Our men rushed right upon the bank of the stream, firing the lead into the Sioux as they came swarming up from the river.

"When the scouts had emptied their rifles and pistols they clubbed their guns. Many of the Sioux were now gaining the level ground above the bank where the fight was raging. Only the great advantage our men held — being able to engage the Sioux before they could get to their feet or use their guns — gave us hope. But, as the enemy grew still more numerous with each passing moment, the scouts realized that the struggle must be short and bloody, and they fought with the desperation of men making a last stand at the door of death.

"Day was dawning rapidly now, and the scouts, observing that the stream of Sioux was pouring into the centre of our line, and that the extreme right and left had little to do,

began to close up. They had been in so many close fights that the men seemed, when once set to work, to know just what to do, and they moved like dancers who go through the different figures of a quadrille without prompting.

"A half-circle thrown about one hundred feet from the bank of the stream would now inclose the combatants, so close and desperate was the fighting. In a little while the scouts had formed a solid line along the bank, while those not engaged there fought, and usually finished, the Sioux who succeeded in gaining the level plain. Some were slaughtered and others were forced to leap the bank and rejoin their comrades; seeing which the warriors hurrying up the river became discouraged and began to retreat. By this time it was so light that we could see the desperate faces of the savages. It was a novel sight to me, for I did not belong at the front. I had arrived only the day before with a train-load of material, and had persuaded the captain, whom I knew very well, to allow me to remain near him during the exercises, never

dreaming that I might be called upon to fight for my life. I did not rush frantically into the fiercest of the fight, nor did I run away. I had asked to be allowed to take part, and so stood my ground and did what I could. But now, after the chill of the first fright had passed away, I began to study the faces of these desperate red men, who, having ceased yelling, were working with wonderful coolness to wipe each other from the face of the earth. Despite the fact that it was awfully interesting, there was something touchingly sad in the spectacle of these red desperadoes, who were born brothers, and who ought to have been fighting shoulder to shoulder, if there was fighting to do, closing in upon one another in a desperate struggle that could end only in death.

"As I stood watching a big Sioux who was fighting three scouts single-handed, and who, up to this point, seemed not only to hold his own, but who had killed one of his assailants, I observed a Pawnee dart past me. Turning to look where he ran, I saw that he was engaging a Sioux who must have been stealing up be-

hind me. As the men came together they appeared, by mutual agreement, to drop their guns and pistols and agree upon knives as the proper weapons with which to settle their differences. They came at each other half crouching, but when not more than six feet separated them they paused and glared at each other like wild beasts. Then they flew at each other, their knives clashed, and they bounded back as if they had been rubber balls. Without taking time to breathe, they were at it again, and mixed up so that I could not say which was which. Very naturally I wanted to help the Pawnee, who by his bravery had saved my life, but I dared not fire, or even strike with my clubbed rifle, for fear of hitting the scout. Perhaps the most I had ever done for him was to give him a cigar or some very bad tobacco, but he had heroically taken my place in a hot engagement, in which I would not have lasted longer than a snow-flake would last in the fire-box of the 49. When these savage souls had been leaping and slashing at each other for forty or fifty seconds, they were both covered with

blood, but, so far as fierceness went, they were still undaunted. The last of the invading army had been driven back to the river. The scouts were running along the bank, firing at the dark forms of the Sioux who were swimming down stream to get out of range of the deadly rifles of the Pawnees.

"'Don't stand so close,' said a voice from behind me, and at the same time the captain took hold of my arm and pulled me back. A half-dozen scouts now joined us, but no one offered to help the Pawnee, whose face and arms were reeking with blood. As they fought the men kept working away from the river and toward the roundhouse. It seemed to me that the Sioux had the best of the fight, and I said so to the captain, but he refused to interfere or to believe that any living Indian could kill this Pawnee in a single-handed engagement.

"How men could lose so much blood and still fight so fiercely was a mystery to me, for they seemed to grow stronger rather than weaker as the battle progressed.

"Without noticing where I went, I had been walking backward since the fight began, and of

a sudden, finding it necessary to step quickly to keep clear of the knives, my back struck against the cottonwood tree. Before I had time to slip away, the Sioux, to escape the Pawnee, leaped back against me. The moment he felt himself come in contact with me he dug back with his bloody knife, which passed between my right arm and my body and stuck fast in the tree. The Pawnee was quick to take advantage of the situation and leaped upon his antagonist, but the wily Sioux had not taken his eye from the scout, and now, twisting his knife from the cottonwood, he made a last desperate effort to slay him. For a moment the men were so mixed up that it was utterly impossible to tell one from the other. They were on the ground, up again, now rolling over each other and then leaping high into the air. For a moment they seemed to be kneeling, clasped in each other's arms. Now the left hand of the Sioux went to the Pawnee's hair and at the same instant the scout reached for the scalp of his foe. There was a swift flash of steel and the two men leaped to their feet. They glared at each other; each at the bloody

trophy the other held, and a mighty change came over the hideous features of the panting savages.

"The look of ferocious hatred disappeared at once, and in its place there came an expression of utter hopelessness and indescribable despair.

"Of course they could fight no more, for each now stood in the presence of the dead; for, in the eyes of these Indians, to lose one's scalp was to lose one's life. As if moved by a single impulse they dropped each his scalp and weapons, put their heads down, and started for the river. Each seemed bent upon reaching the bank before his dreadful companion could throw his hideous form into the stream, but they were not less equally matched in death than they had been in life, and so it came out, at the end of it all, that they leaped from the high bank together and went down into the dark water."

Slaying the Wild Bull

SLAYING THE WILD BULL.

"I WAS on the plains in the sixties," said the short man, draining his glass of ordinary. He did not look over thirty, but he must have been more than forty, for the tales he told carried so much of the color of the country that one found it difficult to disbelieve them. The Spanish gentleman had just finished an interesting account of a bull-fight which had taken place at Barcelona, in which, by some accident, the bull had had the best of it.

"I saw a bull-fight on the plains once," said the short man, laying his tools down, "right out in the open, with nothing to hide behind, 'nowhere to stand but on, and nowhere to fall but off,' as the deceased bard of St. Joe would say.

"It was while we were locating the line of the Union Pacific — simply driving across the country and making observations. A

couple of Sioux fell in with our party and were riding along looking for a chance to steal something, when we came suddenly upon a small herd of buffalo. The rear guard, a sturdy old bull, was feeding along in a sag between the sand-hills, and the wind, blowing from him to us, prevented him from scenting our party until the two Indians dashed by, cutting him off from the main herd. Lowering his head the great brute bounded away up the little hill, at the top of which the two Sioux sat waiting to receive him. Each of the Indians carried a rifle, but to our surprise they were left hanging at the saddles. The bull made straight for one of the horses, but just as he seemed about to collide the broncho sprang to one side and an arrow from the Indian's bow was driven deep into the back of the bull. We expected the animal to bolt now, but he was enraged and scorned to escape. Turning, he came straight for the other Sioux, only to plough the air close — alarmingly close — to the agile horse, which carried his rider safely to the rear. The first Indian had by this time fixed another arrow, and when the charge was made planted it deep

behind the bull's left shoulder. The fight had by this time become so exciting that our driver, forgetting the danger, had driven up to within a hundred yards of the scene of the battle. Having bounded by one of the Indians, carrying another arrow away with him, the infuriated animal caught sight of our wagon and drove straight for us. It was like standing on the track in front of a locomotive, and every man of us, realizing the great danger, was seized with fear that almost froze his blood. The driver was so filled with terror that he made no attempt to avoid the collision, which, from the moment the bull passed the Indian, seemed inevitable. On he came, snorting like a snow-plough and looking as formidable, and not one of us had presence of mind enough to reach for a rifle; we were too badly scared to move. But not so with the Sioux; seeing our danger the brave fellows turned their horses and came galloping past the bull, one on either side, and as they passed him each drove an arrow into the mad brute. These new wounds seemed only to increase his rage, and on he came, tearing toward us; but before they reached our

wagon the Indians whirled their horses, and with arrows drawn stood between us and the approaching buffalo. The horses had barely time to turn before the bull was upon them. One of the bronchos sprang away, his rider emitting a wild yell as he sent another arrow into the bleeding buffalo. The other Indian was not so fortunate. His horse failed to clear, and one of the bull's horns caught in its side just behind the girth and ploughed a great furrow back to the flank.

"The buffalo appeared to appreciate the advantage of this thrust, and at once turned and charged the unhorsed Sioux. The Indian might have ended the fight by taking up his rifle, but he did not. Standing erect at the side of his dead horse he faced the rapidly advancing foe, and sent an arrow deep under the shoulder-blade. As the arrow left the string the Indian dropped beside the body of his horse, and the buffalo passed over him without doing any damage. Now the mounted Sioux claimed the attention of the wounded bull, and again the Sioux on foot. By this time the buffalo fairly bristled with arrows and resembled

a huge porcupine. We could see that the animal was getting groggy, as they say of prize-fighters, but his sand seemed never to leave him. With a roar that would send a chill down your spine, with blood spurting from his nostrils, he would drive like a hurricane at his tormentors, who, with the exception noted, seemed to avoid him by about the breadth of two hairs. When they had fought five minutes the earth for the space of fifty feet about resembled a ploughed field. The one living horse was flecked with the froth of battle, and, like the buffalo, showed unmistakable signs of exhaustion. As the action of the bull grew slower, the horseless Sioux fought further from cover. At times he would stand forth in the very face of his furious adversary, and after discharging his arrow leap to one side while the monster brushed by.

"We were surprised at the beginning of the fight to see the Indians using their bows, allowing their rifles to remain at the saddle, but our surprise was still greater now, when the mounted Sioux turned his horse about and left the field, leaving his companion to fight it out

single-handed. The bull seemed to take new courage, finding but one of his assailants, and for a time fought desperately. Of a sudden he stopped, facing the Indian. With his front feet far apart he appeared to rest, perhaps to collect his fast failing strength. He was an object now to excite one's pity, and, although it may seem unchristian, I almost wished he could win, for in those days there were nearly as many Indians as buffaloes, and they were infinitely more dangerous.

"An arrow had destroyed one of the bull's eyes, blood was rushing from his mouth and nostrils and trickling from a score of wounds along his spine. His life blood was ebbing away, and now, seeing his tormentor standing before him, he made a last desperate effort to reach him. With a mighty roar the bleeding brute bounded forward, and it seemed to us that he had regained all his lost strength, for he went with the speed and force of an express train. The daring Sioux drew another arrow and let it drive into the buffalo, made a feint of dodging to the right, and then, leaping far to the left, let fly another arrow as the baffled bull went by.

"The buffalo was by this time acquainted with the Sioux's tricks, and the moment he passed the Indian, whirled and came back at his adversary with renewed vigor. The Sioux, surprised perhaps by the suddenness of the charge, leaned back, stumbled, and nearly fell backward over the body of his dead horse. Before he could regain his feet the animal was upon him. It seemed that in another moment the Indian would be tossed high in the air, but the new lease of life the bull had was out, and in that moment in which we had looked to see him triumph, the great beast stumbled and fell in a heap at the Sioux's feet."

Valley Tan

VALLEY TAN.

HIGH up in the Henry Mountains the Mormons make what the cowboys call "valley tan," which is only a poetic name for very bad liquor. In these high lands of Utah live Utes, Piutes, coyotes, and cowboys, and here and there in a narrow vale, you see the squat cabin of a settler. Occasionally a wandering trapper may be seen walking the river (the Lord knows what he traps), stopping at night with the placer miners who are washing flour-gold from the sands of the Colorado. Sometimes in the narrow cañons you meet strange bands of men who only nod in silence, glance at your mount and trappings, and pass peacefully on down the winding trail. Among these bands of homeless men you nearly always see men with dark faces, Mexicans and Indians, with enough "white blood" to make them

ambitious, and enough red to make them kill a man for a new saddle.

Five hundred miles of wilderness and desert lay between these hills and the railway station on the Green River, and its good hiding for desperadoes and outcasts, who have burned all the bridges between them and civilization. Ten years ago you would not meet a man in a day's travel who had less than two six-shooters hanging to him, and often a rifle resting lightly across his saddle. It was a long and tiresome journey across the desert to court, and so the men who lived down there in the wilds had fallen into the habit of settling any little differences that might arise with a pair of six-shooters. Fortunately, there being no politics, very little religion, and no women, there was not much to quarrel over; so the disputes were few and far between. It was so at least until the Mormons began brewing "valley tan," and then there came a change. Wherever red liquor runs, blood will run. A small moonlight distillery can create more crime and general disturbance than all the politicians and women in a whole State. These little liquor mills were

especially demoralizing among Indians, who are always looking for something that will "make drunk quick."

A couple of half-breeds, who had, with the help of a rawhide rope and a branding iron, accumulated a bunch of cattle on the San Juan, traded the herd for a small gin-mill at the head of Windy Gulch, near Tickabo cañon. They made whiskey, under the guidance of a Mexican expert, regardless of the laws enacted by Congress for the regulation of the liquor business. Also they made money and many drunkards. By and by the revenue department got wind, for the thing had begun to smell to Washington. A couple of moonshine detectives went after the illicits, and in the course of a fortnight found themselves in the wilds of the Henry Mountains. They reached Windy Gulch late in the afternoon of a day upon which both the proprietors, with a number of friends, of various shades of character and complexion, had imbibed freely of the raw new run. One of the proprietors, a half-Ute, and one of the guests, a Piute, had quarrelled and emptied their revolvers without settling the difficulty. When

the Piute had run out of ammunition he hit the still-man with a stone, climbed his cayuse, and galloped away.

Now it was all right for the proprietor of a distillery to be shot at, or even shot, but the slugging of a man with a rock was a thing an Indian might not do with impunity. The still-man was desperate and all his companions were indignant. After reloading his firearms the still-man mounted a cayuse and started after the insolent Indian.

A little way down the gulch the fleeing Piute met a cowboy, who supplied him with cartridges; and, having refilled his guns, he rode on swiftly down the trail.

The two detectives, riding slowly up the cañon, heard the clatter of a pony's feet upon the stony trail, and reining their horses into a side cañon waited the coming of the stranger. A moment later they saw the Indian sailing past, his knees cocked high, as an Arabian rides, but with his heels digging vigorously into the flanks of his thin cayuse. At every other jump of his broncho he glanced over his shoulder with a quick, nervous glance, and

wriggled his quirt constantly above the curved back of his half-wild horse. The two officers let him pass, and as they turned to ride back to the trail the scar-faced half-breed came down the cañon, riding like the wind, but looking straight ahead. Like the Piute he was wriggling his quirt above the back of his horse, but he was making good time. The other Indian's horse was thin and spent, and in a little while the still-man would overtake the runaway Indian and then there would be trouble.

The detectives saw that it would be impossible for them to get under cover, and so waited beside the trail until the red man came to a sudden stop.

"You see um Pilute?" demanded the half-breed, bringing his hand down over his face, smearing it with blood.

The white man nodded.

"Me Lute — him Pilute — hit um lock. You see um blood?" and he swiped his smeared face again.

"Yes," said one of the detectives. "You see um whisk-shop up gulch?"

"Yes, me no see um," said the Indian. "Damn! me kill um;" and driving his heels into his horse's sides he dashed away down the trail.

Now because he knew the other man, if he followed, would overtake him, or because he wanted to fight, or because he was crazy drunk, the Piute had stopped a little way down the gulch, and when his pursuer hove in sight, the fight began. The two detectives, hearing the shooting, trailed back and saw the excitement. It was not a cause in which a white man felt called upon to take sides, and so the men, remaining at a safe distance, watched these half-wild Indians sail into each other. When they had exchanged a few shots, and each had received slight wounds, they dismounted and standing beside their horses aimed deliberately, and as accurately as drunken men can, at each other. When one six-shooter had been emptied, another was pulled, and when both were empty they were reloaded with what skill the combatants could command. Being discouraged the two men left their horses and walked slowly toward each other, firing as they advanced.

The Ute fell, and the other, standing, continued to fire. The Ute struggled to his feet and advanced, firing again. The two Indians finally came face to face in the narrow trail, and neither sought to shield himself from the other's murderous fire, but sought only to slay his opponent. The men who saw the fight say there was something pathetic in the picture of these two-legged animals walking deliberately to death. It was not brave, it was beastly. It was like two vicious dogs, mad with the smell of blood, devouring each other. Again the Ute went down, and a moment later the other sank to the ground. Now they rested on their elbows and gave each other a parting shot. The two men waited for some moments and then approached the battle scene. A camp robber was screaming on a cedar bough above the prostrate figures, and looking into the distorted faces of the Ute and Piute, who were both dead.

An hour later the U. S. officers had taken possession of the moonshine mill and the remaining proprietor; and that was the end of the "valley tan" industry at Windy Gulch.

In the Hospital.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

WE were in the hospital together, Wilson and I, — in the same ward. I was ill from the effects of bucking snow in the mountains, and he had been hurt in a collision in the Trinidad yards. He was the travelling engineer of the road, and while he was asleep in Colonel Ricker's special, a standard-gauge engine had crashed into the car and Wilson had had his right leg broken above the knee. Dr. O'Connor, the chief surgeon, had rigged a pulley at the foot of Wilson's bed and was pulling his leg. A piece of bell-cord was fastened to the patient's foot, passed over the pulley, and loaded down with as many weights as the house surgeon considered necessary. Wilson was fifty years old and the process of knitting the broken bone together was extremely painful. It grew so serious at one time that we were alarmed. The sufferer was thrown into a fever and talked "out of his head." Away in the

night when the nurse nodded over against the wall, Wilson, delirious, told me some wonderful tales. My friend's attendant was an Italian who seemed to rejoice in the moans of the inmates of the institution. Sometimes when the place was still, and he thought I was asleep, he would hang an extra weight on Wilson's string, and then when the patient's moans had put the Mafia to sleep, I would steal over and take it off. Often since, when I have seen Wilson limping, I have thought seriously on what I did; for the more weight the patient bore, the longer his leg would be, and it was full half an inch short when he was able to walk; but it was hard for me to see him suffer so and to hear him moan.

"Frank," said I one day when he was able to sit up in bed, "you used to tell the best Indian stories when the fever was high that I ever heard."

When I had retold some of them to him, he took off his glasses and declared that what he had said in his delirium was wholly true. He had been the engineer on the construction train which laid the track of the Kansas Pa-

cific. "I have often run fifty miles without being out of sight of buffalo," said he. "I have seen a single band that made a procession so long that you could see neither the head nor the tail of the herd. They were interesting, but not nearly so much so as the Indians were. I remember one morning our conductor took a rifle and went out to shoot a buffalo for breakfast. Our camp was in a little valley, along one side of which ran a high chalk bluff. We had seen no Indians for nearly a week, and so were getting careless. The conductor was stalking a herd, hugging the bluffs, when he was surprised by a band of Indians who began to shower arrows at him from the top of the wall. He must have seen that they could not descend so steep a cliff, but instead of retreating across the open vale out of the reach of their arrows, he sought refuge under the bluff. Here for a time he was secure. A line of redskins stood upon the wall ready to fill his back with arrows the moment he started to fly, while others with clubs, tomahawks, and rocks began the work of crumbling the shelf-like wall away in order to

reach their victim. For nearly an hour the wild yells of the bloodthirsty hair-lifters filled his ears and froze his blood. At first the falling débris dropped some feet in front of him, but as the Indians by constant stamping and beating, wore the projecting shelf away, the broken rock began to pile high in front of him, and rolling about his feet threatened to bury him alive. Now the red villains, hanging over the wall, began to send arrows at him. The cloud of dust made by the falling rock and dirt made it impossible for the conductor to use his rifle when the Indians poked their painted faces over the wall. The most he could do was to discharge his rifle at random occasionally to show them that he was still alive and fighting. Almost before he was aware of it he found himself a prisoner. The bits of rock had piled up about his feet until he found it impossible to move. There was nothing now to hope for, as he knew well that his tormentors would never give over the fight until he was either killed by an arrow or buried alive.

"When an hour had gone by and he did

not return a party went to look for him. In a little while we came within sight of the band of murderers on the cliff and readily guessed that the conductor was being besieged.

"Spurring our horses to a dead run we charged the band, and when within rifle range began to pour the lead into them. For a time they withstood the storm bravely, but never an arrow was aimed at us.

"An Indian would hang over the wall, two or three of his companions holding on to his feet, and send a poisoned arrow after the conductor. Some of them were wounded or killed by our bullets, but that seemed to make them the more determined to kill the prisoner. We were by no means anxious to approach within reach of their arrows, but the problem of rescuing the conductor was becoming a serious one. Even now he might be dead, for we could neither see nor hear him, so great were the din and the dust. Finding it impossible to drive the red devils away from their murderous work, our commander ordered us to charge, and galloping up to within a hundred yards of the bluff we halted, and taking delib-

erate aim let fly a shower of lead that sent a half-dozen Indians to the earth. At that moment an Indian, who had just discharged an arrow at the imprisoned conductor, leaped to his feet and gave an exultant yell. Instantly the whole band, taking up the cry, disappeared behind the edge of the cliff.

"Leaving a majority of our force on guard, the captain and I approached toward where the Indians had been aiming their arrows. So dense was the cloud of dust that hung about the hill in the still morning air that we were unable, for a time, to locate the unfortunate man. To our calls he made no reply, and we knew that he was beyond human aid. When we finally found him he was still standing upright, with the chalk from the bluff piled above his waist. A number of arrows were sticking in his arms and shoulders. Only the small end of one stood above his coat. It had entered just behind his collar-bone, near the left side of his neck, and, passing downward, the point of it had pierced his heart. His head hung upon his breast, while his helpless hands rested upon the rocks that had been heaped around him.

"It would be as impossible for me to describe the expression on the dead man's face as it has been for me to forget it. It was a sight to take out of a white man's heart any whit of Christian sympathy he may have harbored there for his red brother. It was hard to look upon there, but when we had carried the poor fellow's body back to his home and borne it up to the door of a little white cottage to the very spot upon which he had kissed his wife and baby "good-by" only a few days before, it was harder still. When his gray-haired mother bent her stiff knees beside the dead man, when his wife wept over his coffin, and his blue-eyed baby stood staring at the cold white face, unable to understand, there crept into my heart a feeling of bitter hatred for those red devils which I am afraid I shall never be able to overcome;" and the sick man sighed and turned away his face to hide whatever he had in his eyes.

The Bishop of Price

THE BISHOP OF PRICE.

IN the face of the well-established fact that the earth is full of gold, and the other fact that the Uintah Indian reservation is about to be thrown open to prospectors and others, this story of Smith's will be of interest. You may not find the mine, but you can't fail to find Smith of Utah. No doubt you will find him at the railway station wherever and whenever you leave the train. There are as many Smiths as there are Youngs in Utah.

"I've read your story of the Peso-la-ki mine," said Smith. "It's a good story, but I know a better one, because it's the story of a better mine. Caleb Rhoads, a rich Mormon, formerly Bishop of Price, could tell you more, but he won't. Some people who had money and faith, offered the bishop $10,000 to tell them, and he refused. Forty years ago," continued Smith of Utah, "Caleb Rhoads and his brother found a rich placer in the Uintah reser-

vation, but the Indians found the Rhoads, and had trouble with them.

"The prospect was a rich one, and the two brothers concluded to fight for it. It was so rich in gold that they could shake enough yellow meal out of a single pan of dirt to fill the bowl of an ordinary cob pipe.

"Well, the Indians came and saw, and killed Caleb's brother and crippled Caleb. It was almost a miracle that he escaped. As it was, he brought away enough flint and lead to sink a raft, all comfortably cached in his hide. He is a stayer, is this same Caleb Rhoads, and he went back the following summer and brought out a goodly bag of dust.

"He continued to go every summer for years and years, and his neighbors marvelled at the easy life he led, and some of them offered to be company for him, but the wily Caleb would n't have it. Once they made up a jackpot and offered to buy a share in these annual sorties, but they were not for sale. At length, when four decades had passed away and Caleb had grown rich with little or no exertion, some of his neighbors determined to

follow the prospector into the hills. Caleb heard of it and made his friends welcome, but refused to be responsible for the followers.

"'If you get lost in the hills,' said he, 'you 'll have yourselves to blame, for I sha'n't hunt you out.'

"Well, they all agreed to keep up with the prospector, and arrangements were made accordingly for a long journey. Caleb gave out the day and date upon which he would vamose, but no one believed him. For a week they watched his house as terriers watch a rathole, and Caleb slept through it all like an innocent babe. Finally, when the last night came the men who were to go with the prospector were so sure that he would steal away that they had their horses saddled and ready all night. To their great surprise, Caleb never stirred until daylight, when he started his men out to 'call' his neighbors who were to accompany him. That made the men feel so mean that they outdid each other in helping the prospector to pack. One of the party suggested that Caleb might be luring them out for the purpose of losing them, and gave it as his opinion that

they might better keep watch the first night, but the others only laughed at him.

"'He can't lose me, Charley,' said one of the young men; and so they ceased to be suspicious of Caleb.

"In order, as he said, to reach a favorite camping-ground, they were obliged to travel far into the night, and when they had finally camped, and had supper, Caleb kept them up for hours telling them wonderful tales of the wild country to which he would lead them. When at last they rolled up in their blankets the weary men slept soundly until Caleb called them to get breakfast. He apologized for having to get them out so early, but they must make thirty-five miles that day across an arm of the desert before they could find water, which in that country is only to be found in rock basins, or tanks, as the cowboys call them. All day long the four men and eight horses trailed across the arm of this shipless sea, without food or water for themselves or their animals.

"What with their all-night watch at Price, followed by a hard day's work and a short

sleep, they were heart-sick and saddle-sore long before the fringe of pine that marked the place of water came in sight. By the middle of the afternoon the foothills seemed to be within rifle range of them. When the sun went down the hills began to retire, as it were, and finally melted away in the darkness. The horses were tired, and the pack horses had to be urged on constantly, and now went along doggedly, holding their dusty noses close to the sand. Presently the moon came out of the desert a little way behind them and shone on the evergreen trees that garnished the foothills. Now they came to a little stream, not more than a foot wide, that ran across the trail.

"The famished horses stopped short. Caleb, dismounting, scooped up a handful of the water, tasted it, and shouted to the men to push on. The water was poisoned with alkali. When at last they found water, the men were utterly done out. It was with difficulty that Caleb persuaded them to cook some supper, for they were all for sleeping, hungry as they were. The good captain cheered them with the assurance that they would have no more

such work. They were in God's country now, he told them, where water and game could be found in abundance.

"'To-morrow,' said Caleb, 'you can go as you please, for I assure you that I am not fond of these forced marches.'"

"That night when they had finished supper, a couple of Indians came up to the fire and begged, or rather demanded, food. They were inclined to be ugly, so the white men fed them, but they refused to go away. They wanted tobacco, which was given them, and then they asked for whiskey. They could not have whiskey, Caleb told them. 'Me know how get whisk,' said an ugly savage, tapping the rifle that rested in the hollow of his arm. Now the young men who had come out to fathom the mysteries of the old Mormon's wealth, grew suddenly homesick. To the surprise and amazement of his companions, Caleb rose deliberately, walked over to the savage, and began to kick him out of camp. What surprised them still more was that the Indian made no show of resistance, but went his way.

"This little incident put away any fear that

might otherwise have broken the much-needed rest of the weary voyagers, and in a little while they were sleeping like dead men. But Caleb could not sleep, — not because he had any fear of the Indians, but he could not afford it. Shortly after midnight he untied his two horses and led them away. When out of sight and hearing of the camp he stopped, opened his paniers, and took out eight ready-made moccasins. He put one on each of the eight feet that went with his two horses and stole softly away. In the course of an hour he found water and camped, but he made no fire. As soon as it was light he set out on his journey, the muffled feet of his horses making little or no noise, and leaving tracks in the sand on the selvage of the desert that looked like Indian tracks going the other way.

"The young men slept until the sun was up, and when they awoke looked very foolish. They found the tracks of Caleb's horses, and without stopping to make coffee, took the trail. In an hour they lost it on a barren sweep of sandstone, and they never found it again. When they had grown weary of the search they halted for breakfast.

"Like hundreds of others they had acquired that beastly American habit of drinking before breakfast, and now when they sought the jug they found a note from their late leader. It was neatly folded and had one corner caught playfully in the mouth of the jug and held there by the cork.

"It was a very brief message, no date and no signature, but it was pithy and to the point. Only one of the men had seen it, and now his companions called to him to read it. One of the men had paused with the brown jug thrown above his curved elbow, his hand on the handle and his mouth stealing to the mouth of the jug, as the mouth of a Mexican maiden glides to the kiss of her caballero. At the very moment when the man was about to read aloud the old bishop's last message, a half-dozen Indians jumped into the camp. One of them took the jug gently from the bewildered prospector, smelled it, and took a drink.

"A very large man, who was extremely dirty, ugly, pockmarked, and generally unhandsome, kicked the Indian and reached for the jug. Before drinking he kicked the Indian

again and swore at him in a blending of Spanish, Indian, and bad English. Manifestly this was the leader.

"By the time this important individual had quenched his thirst a dozen Indians had come into camp. They ate what they could find, drank all the whiskey, and signed to the white men to get up. When they were mounted the pockmarked man tapped his rifle and said 'Vamos!'

"The three men, thoroughly frightened, reined their horses down the gulch.

"When they had left the foothills far behind them and felt the sun hot on the back of their necks, one of them asked the man who had Caleb's letter to read it. 'Listen, then,' said the man who was riding in front, and who now held up the sheet of white paper; and then he read: 'Adios.'"

A Quiet Day In Creede

A QUIET DAY IN CREEDE.

IT was a quiet day in Creede Camp, in the morning of the summer of '92. Most of the miners were away in the hills, many of the gamblers and others of the night shift were still sleeping, though it was now 4 P. M. A string of burros, laden with heavy loads of boards, which they were about to drag away up to the Last Chance, stood dreaming in San Luis avenue and having their pictures taken by the writer. Some fishermen, with long cane poles thrown over their shoulders, were trailing out at the lower end of the town, in the direction of the Rio Grande. A string of heavy ore-wagons was coming down the mountain from the Amethyst mine. The brake on the forward wagon gave way when the team was nearly down to the foot of the hill, and instantly the heavy load shot forward, and the poor animals —there were six of them—bounded away in a mad effort to keep out of the way of the

heavy load. The wheel horses appeared to understand that they were expected to hold the wagon back, and they did what they could; but the force of the great wagon threw them off their feet, and when they fell slid them along the rocky road to the foot of the hill, grinding and crushing their legs under the wheels, and when the wagon finally stopped they were both dead. All this happened just above and in full view of the town, so that many of the people saw it and heard the poor animals cry, almost as a human being would cry for help, while they were being run down and killed by the ore-wagon.

A moment later the crowd which had collected to view the wreck had its attention diverted by a baby burro that now came reeling down the principal street with a well-developed "jag" and a gait like Riley's "wabbledy" calf. Some hoodlums had given the burro beer, and he was as drunk as a man.

A sorry-looking young woman was working the shops and saloons on the shady side of the avenue. She carried a long sheet of writing-

paper, upon which she asked people to put their names, and opposite their names the amount of their subscriptions. One of the girls had died the night before, and this money was asked to pay some one to dig a hole at the top of the hill and to hire an express wagon to haul the girl up there. When the woman came to the Leadville dance hall she entered and was greeted sadly by another woman who stood over behind a low railing which extended from the end of the bar to the front of the tent, fencing off a little space which served as an office for the proprietor and the woman, who was a silent partner in the firm. The visitor pushed the paper over toward the man — a small, sallow-looking man of thirty-two, who was ever fidgeting and glancing at the door of whatever house he happened to be in. The man glanced down the column, saw "Soapy Smith, $5," and, as he hated "Soapy," he immediately raised him five, gave the woman the money, and wrote just under his name and the ten, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." Then he passed out from behind the bar and began walking slowly to the rear end of the long room. The woman

with the sorry face and the long white paper passed out. Upon the threshold she met a man in miner's clothes, and even as she turned to look at him a very short man rode up to the door of the tent and handed a double-barrelled shot-gun to the man at the entrance. As the miner-looking man entered the tent with the gun the woman with the paper turned as if she would follow him, for she feared that the stranger might do violence, reluctant as she was to believe that a man in a refined mining centre would resort to the use of so clumsy, not to say unconventional, a shooting iron as a shot-gun. "Hello, Bob!" called the man with the gun, and as the keeper of the dance hall turned he raised the weapon and let go both barrels. The shot, without scattering, entered the throat of the victim and carried his gold collar-button out through the back of his neck.

The report of the shot-gun startled the whole camp, and as the Leadville was directly opposite my hotel, I rushed over and was almost the first man in the place. One man had preceded me, and as I entered he came out and shouted. "Bob Ford's dead!"

At the moment I entered, the only person in the room was the insignificant-looking woman in the little office. She was weeping. She knew me as the editor of the morning paper, and at once began to pour out the story of Bob's virtues. "He had planned," she said, "to do much good." "Yes," said I, "it is reported that he intended to kill off the entire 'Chronicle' force, including the editor."

"Yes, I know," she went on hurriedly, for the place was filling up rapidly, "but he did n't mean it — he tole me so — he did n't have it in fur you-all a little bit. But say," she continued, waving a hand in the direction of the corpse, and her eyes filled with a fresh flood of tears, "just to think they should shoot him with that kind of a gun — it — just breaks — my heart;" and she leaned her head upon the bar and wept bitterly.

Presently she lifted her head, dried her eyes, and continued: —

"Why, Bob would n't uv killed a coyote with a shot-gun — it 's a coward gun. When he killed Jesse James, the bravest man 'at ever lived, an' the deadest shot, he dun it with a 45,

an' ef he'd 'a' come down to clear out the 'Chronicle,' which he woulden', he'd uv come with his two han's an' his six-shooter, an' he'd 'a' had you-all jumpin' thu the winders an' scootin' fur th' willers 'fore yer could uv raised a han'."

"Well," said I, glancing toward the rear of the room, to make sure he was still there, "Bob 's all right. He 's a good fellow — now."

I had known Ford. He was the first man to whom I was introduced upon my first visit to the camp. He had been our guide, and had shown Judge Rooker and me the camp by candle-light. It was upon this occasion that I noticed his nervousness. If a man came in and left the door open, Ford would slip back and shut it. If there was a mirror over the bar, he always kept his eyes on it, not to see himself, but to observe those who passed to and fro behind him.

In a pleasant way, I asked him if he was expecting some one. He answered, smiling sadly, that he was always expecting some one. He had saved his life once in Kansas City by looking into a mirror. A friend of the man

he had murdered entered the room, saw Ford's face in the mirror, and instantly reached for his gun. Ford, lifting his glass, saw the man, and the moment their eyes met, the man weakened and passed on. My friend the judge, from force of habit, I presume, began to question Ford about the killing of Jesse James, and the fellow told us that he had been led to believe that if he killed James, whose friend and messenger he had been, he would be the greatest man in Missouri. That meant a great deal to this boy of twenty-two, for outside of Missouri there was little worth striving for. And then, to justify his cowardly act, he related that it had been planned by James that a bank should be robbed shortly, and Ford had been told that he was to enter the bank with James, who would quietly shoot him, as he had begun to mistrust the "kid." All this Ford pretended to believe. He was confident that he would have been murdered in a little while if he had not put a bullet through Jesse's back while he was hanging a picture.

Kelly, the "tough citizen" who removed Ford, seemed, strangely enough, to regard the

killing of this man much as Ford had looked upon the killing of Jesse James. Ford was an open enemy of society, and only a month before his death had closed all the business houses and put the camp to bed at nine P. M. The morning paper had suggested that Ford be informed that he would be expected, in the future, to refrain from shutting up the town, leave the camp, or be hanged, just as he pleased; and for that he swore he would kill off the working force, from the editor-in-chief down to "Freckled Jimmie," the devil.

However, Kelly was wrong. He was condemned even by Ford's enemies for his cowardly act, just as the public had disapproved of the murder of Jesse James. All agreed that the removal of Jesse would facilitate the movement of trains in Missouri, and that Ford's absence would add much to the peace and quiet of Creede camp, but no man admires a coward. So Kelly was arrested, and later, when he ran up against Judge (now Representative) Bell's "equity mill," he was surprised to receive a life sentence in the pen.

On the morning of the day following the kill-

ing, a half-hundred people assembled in a store-room, where religious services were held. They brought Ford's coffin and placed it upon a bench, and then the preacher got up and preached a funeral sermon. He was not very enthusiastic, I thought; but he had a tough client and a hard case. He took for his text, if he could be said to have taken anything, the line which Ford had written upon the white paper, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," and made the most of it.

When he had finished, an express wagon backed up to the door, they put the dead man in, and the wagon wound away up the trail to a level spot above the town, where the unwept and unfortunate girl had been buried the day Ford died, where all about were new-made graves, where Joe Simmons and "Slanting Annie" slept side by side.

The autumn winds blow bleak and chill,
The sighing, quivering aspen waves
Above the summit of the hill.
Above the unrecorded graves,
Where halt, abandoned burros feed,
And coyotes call — and this is Creede.

A Cowboy's Funeral

A COWBOY'S FUNERAL.

NEARLY twelve months have elapsed since the "Creede Chronicle" published the story of Gambler Joe Simmons's funeral, which was the first important event in the history of that new camp. Up to that time Joe Simmons had done very little to win the applause of the newspaper fraternity, but, dying as he did on the eve of the first issue of a great daily, he made the hit of his life, got a good send off, and helped the local force out immensely. When, on the morning following the day of Joe's burial, the newsboys marched up the narrow streets that had been cut through the willows, crying: "Morning Chronicle; all 'bout Joe Simmons' fun'al an' shootin' at Bob Ford's Dance Hall," the entire edition was exhausted in thirty minutes. All the gamblers and swift characters bought copies for their scrap-books (and in those days the history of Creede was one continual round of scraps), and copies to

send away. Probably nine hundred out of every thousand people who read this story, which told how Soapy Smith presided at the grave, opened champagne, and said, "Now let us drink to Joe's soul over there — if there is any over there," believed that what they read was only a mining romance; but it was wholly true; and the great daily, I am proud to say, endureth still, a menace to road agents and shell men, and a thorn in the side of as crooked a City Council as ever embarrassed a growing community.

Another funeral, equally interesting, came under my notice on the desert not long ago. A party of cowboys had gone to Thompson's Springs, a small town in Utah, to buy supplies, and while there filled up on "valley tan" and amused themselves by shooting at the toes of a tramp to see him dance. A bullet from a "forty-five" glanced from the frozen ground, struck a young man who had gone out of his way to ask the shooters to desist, and killed him. Seeing what they had done, the cowboys fled, but were pursued by a sheriff's posse, and one of the gang was fatally shot. The leaden

missile from a Winchester rifle passed entirely through him, and he began to sway to and fro; but the horse, so accustomed to carrying men who were under the "influence," kept under the form of the dying man until his companions, seeing his condition, dashed forward and supported him until his horse could be stopped. The pursuing party were now pressing them so closely that there was no time to lose. The legs of the lifeless cowboy were lashed to the horse, his hands tied to the saddle horn, and a man rode on either side supporting the body until it stiffened sufficiently to enable it to keep its place in the saddle.

All night they dashed away over a trackless, treeless plain, camping at daybreak on the San Rafael River, where they remained all that day, having hobbled their horses in a side cañon, where they could feed and go down to the river and drink. When it was dark again the dead cowboy was lashed to his old place in the saddle, and away they went, over a soundless sea of sand.

A hundred miles had been placed between the scene of the shooting and the frightened

fugitives when they camped at dawn on the desert, not more than 200 yards from where we were sleeping. They had little to fear from us, however, as they outnumbered us two to one, — my party consisting of a travelling companion, a Mexican guide, and myself.

We were well mounted, and, as our horses had been a great temptation to the Navajos, I was afraid they might be to these wild sons of the desert. Being thoroughly frightened, I walked right over to their camp to show them that I was not, — making by this movement the same cold bluff that Benighted Harry made on the friendly guide-post. I remember, too, that I whistled as I went along.

"Some one sick?" I asked, glancing at a blanket bed.

"Worse 'n sick," was the reply. "One of our gang was accidentally shot yesterday, and we 've stopped here to cache him."

Poor, unfortunate fellow, I thought; it did seem such a lonely, desolate place to be buried, and I hinted as much.

"Gist what he wanted, — used to always say: —

"'I want no fenced-in graveyard,
With snorin' souls about;
Just cache me in the desert,
When my light goes out.'"

"Did your dead friend write verses?" was my next question.

"Naw, he did n't write verses — gist writ poetry, that 's all. Of course he warn't like your eddicated New York poets, but a plain, God-built chile o' nature. Why, he was everything that was good in this layout, and here 's a gang that will be about as cheerful from this on as a mockin' bird with the tonsil-eat-us. Gist ourt to heard him speak the 'Ship o' the Desert,' and 'The Luck o' Roarin' Camp.' Always carried a copy of Gene Field's Western verses. Said he knowed Field; used to follow him down to the midnight train at St. Joe, gist to hear him speak 'Little Willie' to the ticket agent."

As the speaker concluded he stepped over to where the packs and saddles were and lifted a long black bottle from one of the panniers, and I noticed that there were tears in his eyes. Having been brought up by poor but demo-

cratic parents, I found no difficulty in doing what I was expected to do, and then I gave the bottle to the next man. When the black assassin came back to the leader again he held it up between him and the sun, which was at that moment swinging up from the earth, apparently not more than a mile away, and took a long, gurgling drink.

When the bottle went back to its resting-place it was empty, and it was evident that they had been drinking before my arrival.

The black bottle, however, is a great boon, alike to the light and the heavy drinker, as it enables one to drink much or little without causing comment.

Under the mellowing influence of the brain destroyer the talking man became very sociable. I was interested in the dead man — this "God-built chile o' nature" — and asked to be told more about him, how he happened to come West, and all.

"It was like this," he began, offering me a saddle and taking a seat on the ground himself. "It was like this: Doc was a friend of the Ford boys, and when Bob disgraced the

name by killing Jesse James, Doc's girl roasted the whole outfit from the stage, — called them murderers, and their friends associates after the fact. Of course the house went wild — had to move the chandeliers — and Doc said he was afraid the 'queen o' the ballet,' as he called her, would get tangled in her miskeeter-bar dress and kick herself to death. Finally the curtain went down, and Doc tuck his stand as usual at the stage door to see her home, when lo, and behold you! out sweeps his fairy on the arm of one of the James gang; and when Doc sees the two guns on the fellow, he was skeered to death, and his heart was broke too.

"Too proud to 'pologize, Doc gist sold some lots he had and come West and bought a bunch of cattle on the lower end of the desert. In the spring, when the cottonwood leaves came out and the birds sang in the willows and the wild flowers bloomed on the banks of the Colorado, he used to stay in the cañons whole days, all alone, makin' pictures and writin' poetry 'bout that girl.

"We fellows got tired seein' Doc git the worst of it, with no show to help his hand, so

one day we does up a batch of pictures and poetry and sends it out to the settlements, billed for St. Joe.

"Bout two months, maybe three, Doc gits a letter. Course we was all on, and all we had to do was to watch Doc's face while he read the letter. And such a transformation! Every wrinkle 'peared to leave his face at once and the old-time frown faded from his forehead in less than ten minutes.

"Doc answered the letter, of course, and then he rode 200 miles to mail it and git killed, and now this is the end of it all."

Without any explanation one of the men opened another bottle and as silently passed it to the leader, who, in turn, passed it to me.

I noticed that this man, who always received the bottle first, always drank last, and, I thought, most.

At that moment, Jeronimo, the Mexican, having come over to say that my breakfast, which consisted of jerked beef, jerked bread, and water, was now ready, I was about to depart when the leader, whom I have been quoting so extensively, took up the unfinished

business in the last bottle and it went round again.

"Poor Doc," he began again. "He had no more to do with the killin' of that duck at Thompson's Springs than he had to do with the murder of Jesse James; but I suppose that Injun of a sheriff had to git some one, and he got the innocentest one of the lot. I can't see, for the life of me, how that bullet shied off and hit — "

The speaker glanced at one of his companions, who at that moment was looking at me without winking an eye. I dropped my gaze, not daring to look at the man, who I knew had said something he would like to take back; but as I did so I could feel that they were all looking at me, and my face fairly burned under their scorching gaze. When the leader sprang to his feet I ventured to raise my eyes to his, but I almost regretted it the next moment, for his face was white with rage.

"See here, pardner," he began, "you talk too d—n much."

"I have been listening," said I, "to the story you have been good enough to tell me."

"Better say drunk enough to tell you," said one of the gang.

"Wal, then, you listen too d—n much." This from the man who had been doing all the talking, and his voice was so harsh and awful that I fairly shook in my laced boots. "This was no funeral of yourn, and I don't recollect sendin' out any invites."

I apologized and said I would go away, but the leader said, "Not yit." Then stepping up in front of me he said very distinctly and very slowly: —

"You don't look like no cowboy; you don't look like no prospector, and you ain't got sand 'nough to steal a hoss. Now will you be kind 'nough to tell me who you are, and what the devil you're doin' on the desert with no gun on you?"

I had felt all along that if I could get the floor I could talk him out of killing me, and I said very softly, very respectfully, that I was an innocent, inoffensive, and almost inexperienced mining expert, just hurrying in from this edge of the earth to the shores of civilization, and that the peace and quiet of a Christian woman,

to say nothing of 65,000,000 outsiders, depended largely upon my safe return. I said a great many other things equally eloquent and to the point, which I cannot just now recall. When I had finished they said they believed I was "dead straight," and took me into their confidence. They hinted, however, that they had friends out at the settlements who would "keep cases" on me and report any little funny business on my part, in case I got back alive and decided to get funny.

The leader advised me to be more guarded in my conversation in the future, and I said, "Don't mention it," and went away to breakfast — after we had another drink from the third bottle.

I can't say whether I did whistle or did not whistle going back. After breakfast we all went over to the funeral, and they asked me to say something at the grave. I introduced my travelling companion, who had been a farmer twenty years ago in Vermont, where every man is his own preacher; and he put up a very good and plausible prayer.

The leader stepped over to where I was

standing and handed me a piece of brown wrapping paper, on which some verses were written in a dim, Horace Greeley hand, remarking, as he did so, that he reckoned that I read writin' all right.

"Gist found that in Doc's pocket," he said. "Queerest duck you ever see — writin' his own funeral song — gist 'peared to know."

While we were thus engaged the cowboys spread a new Navajo blanket out on the sand, placed the dead body in the middle of it, and folded the edges over so as to hide the face and feet. A saddle rope was used to lower the body into the shallow grave, round which we stood with bare heads, our broad white hats tossed about on the sand. The leader of the gang led the singing, and the rest pushed in the chorus. The air applied was plaintive and pleading, — a sort of mixture of negro minstrel and the old time Methodist revival song, and in spite of the pay-streak of pathos which the reader will doubtless detect in the word-work, there were moments when I could hardly help laughing. I can't remember the verses, but this is the chorus : —

"Play the fife slowly,
And beat the drum lowly ;
Play the dead march as I 'm carried along.
Make a grave in the desert
And pull the sand o'er me,
I 'm only a cowboy — I know I 've done wrong."

Half-Breeds

HALF-BREEDS.

TWENTY-FIVE men and five women were living at Douglas Lake, B. C. Some had ferried it round the Horn and up the selvage of the Pacific. Others had hauled themselves across the country behind a bull team. They were cattle men, sheep men and farmers. They were all working hard to build up a home in a promising country. It was a democratic community. The village blacksmith was mayor of the town.

A Frenchman, who appears to have had money, had gone in ahead of the Canadian colony, roped a squaw, and reared a family. After firewater, French blood is the worst thing that can be mixed up with Indians. So the Canadian said, and I believe history will bear him out. Between the Frenchman and the squaw four boys were born, and they appear to have been bad boys from the beginning. When the youngest was only 14 they stole a

saddle from one of the cowboys, and they might as well have taken a herd of cattle, for that would not make a cowboy more angry.

A warrant was issued for the arrest of the four boys, two other half-breeds, and a squaw, and the gang began to hide out. They evidently concluded that they ought to do something desperate, for, with no apparent provocation, they killed an inoffensive shepherd and put themselves on the defensive. The constable at Douglas Lake, who had just brought a young wife to this wild country, went after the murderers of the shepherd, and when he had found them showed more sand than sense by attempting, single-handed and alone, to stand the seven up. Of course, they killed the constable, a brave, indiscreet, but useful citizen.

Now the whole community was up in arms and after the outlaws. It is related of the real Indians that they took their guns and went out to help the people to punish the murderers. They had profited by the presence of the pale-faced people, for they had given the Indians work, but they had no use for the half-breeds. The desperadoes started to leave the country.

They called upon one of the farmers, bound him fast in his chair, and then helped themselves to whatever they wanted, including horses. In front of the door they flourished their firearms and said, "These things" (their pistols) "will put all the pale-faces at the left hand of Christ." The leader, one of the sons of the Frenchman, said that and then they galloped away.

But the people of Douglas Lake, and their Indian allies, galloped after them. The outlaws camped that night in an old cabin, and in the morning woke to find the place surrounded by desperate men — white and red. Occasionally a head would appear at the open window and instantly a bullet would peck at the chinking. If one of the besiegers showed himself carelessly, the outlaws would take a shot at him to show that they were armed.

Nobody cared to interview the inhabitants of the cabin, and the people determined to starve the criminals out. A leader or commander was elected, and men were detailed to guard the cabin day and night. Uncomplainingly now, the red men of the community stood watch with the whites. On the third day an Indian

left the besiegers and walked deliberately, unarmed, up to the cabin. He did not enter, but called upon the gang to surrender. The half-breeds seemed much surprised that the Indians should help to hunt them out. They doubtless reasoned that if a half-breed could hold so much cussedness a whole Indian ought to be beyond redemption.

"Oh!" said the leader. "Here's my old friend Jim, come with the rest to help hang me." But Jim was not so good a friend as the half-breeds had thought him. For and in consideration of $100 to him in hand paid, this same Jim had revealed to the people of Douglas Lake the plans of the half-breeds, which included the killing off of the entire white population. This conclusion had been reached immediately after the killing of the shepherd.

It was not until the afternoon of the sixth day that the gang came out, emptied their revolvers, tossed them in a heap upon the ground, and held up their hands. Hunger and thirst had made even death preferable to such torture, and so the gang surrendered. Here was material and opportunity for an interesting

lynching. The provocation had been great, but, according to our informant, such a thing was not even suggested. Having fed and watered the gang, a deputation of citizens — the constable having been killed — started across the country, 50 miles, to New Westminster, where a whole week was wasted in the trial of the murderers. Two of the four brothers and another half-breed were hanged. The other three, being younger, were imprisoned, and the squaw set free. Having spent a considerable part of his fortune in a bootless effort to save the necks of his more or less unlawful children, the old Frenchman went back to France to try to forget it.

And that's the way the Canadians will do in the Klondike. The dashing desperado will not have the honor of being shot. Even the famous reformer, Riel, was hanged like a horse thief at the end of a rope. Voilà.

The Seductive Six-Shooter

THE SEDUCTIVE SIX-SHOOTER.

BUTCHERS are not allowed to serve on a coroner's jury, I believe, in some States, presumably because the constant shedding of blood hardens the human heart. Along the same line of reasoning it is not too much to say that with the constant handling of fire-arms comes a desire to use them on something or somebody. With much use one becomes expert with the six-shooter, and when in trouble, or in search of it, such an one reaches instinctively for his firearms, without taking thought of the consequences. Instinctively a man defends himself with that which is most convenient. A negro barber turns to his razor, a cowboy to his cartridge belt, a soldier to his sword, while the English athlete puts up his hands.

Another temptation to use the gun comes with the feeling of security that pervades the bosom of the expert. He is reasonably sure

of success in a hand-to-hand fight with a novice.

Having "killed his man," the killer begins to swagger, and at the first opportunity hastens to repeat the performance. Like the prize-fighter who has won the belt, he must keep on fighting or lose his reputation, and finally he actually goes looking for trouble.

Killing becomes a disease. Not for the sake of killing merely does he do this, but because he loves the excitement of fighting. I asked Bob Ford, who had clasped left hands with a Colorado cowboy, emptied his six-shooter into the man, and taken the contents of the cowboy's gun into his system, if there was not a suffocating dread of being torn by the bullet.

"Well, yes — at first," said he; "but the moment the shooting begins you become drunk with the excitement of the fight and the smell of powder, and all thought of danger blows by."

Now, this fellow had been a quiet, modest youth up to the evil hour in which he was tempted to take the life of Jesse James, his

friend and benefactor. James had taught Ford the use of the fascinating "forty-five," with which the pupil slew the teacher. That was the beginning of Ford's end. He gradually grew in "cussedness" until he had acquired the unenviable reputation of being a bad man, and was, in the end, himself ignominiously murdered.

Another instance in which the seductive six-shooter led a man astray is the case of Frank Rand of Illinois. I say of Illinois because it was in that State, near the little town of Altimont, that he wandered, an inoffensive tramp, to a farmer's house one morning in quest of food. The farmer lived in a little shack on the railroad, on a bit of ground alone. He was n't polite to the tramp, and the tramp resented the insult. The farmer so forgot himself as to kick the tramp, and the tramp pulled his gun and killed the farmer. A gang of section men saw the smoke, heard the shot, and saw the man fall. Lifting the car to the track they pumped into Altimont and gave alarm.

The tramp saw the car go and guessed the cause of it. He glanced at his six-shooter and

felt a certain security. A "gentleman of the road" testified afterward that he had tramped with Rand for a few weeks and found him a most agreeable companion, quiet and inoffensive. He was reasonably honest, the man said. The only thing he had known Rand to steal was food and cartridges. If he could not steal ammunition for his gun he would beg money, go hungry, and buy it. As often as they stopped to rest Rand took his six-shooter to pieces, cleaned it and put it together again. He was a wonderful shot. He could kill a farmer's bull-dog as far as he could see him. He would shoot the head from a tame pigeon at the top of a country church, and kill brown birds on the tops of telegraph poles. He never missed whatever he aimed at.

So now, when he saw men hurrying out from the little town, afoot, on horseback, and in top buggies, he made no doubt they were after him. He kicked out the empty shell, and put in a fresh cartridge. Presently a horse leaped the low hedge, and came straight for the tramp, who was heading for some willows down by a little stream. The man on the

horse called to the man who was running across the stubble to stop. For answer, Rand turned slightly, but without slacking his pace, and aimed at the horseman. There was a puff of smoke from the tramp's pistol, the horse plunged high, and then fell dead in the field, shot square between the eyes. The rider got to his feet, glanced at his poor dead horse, and ran after the flying tramp. Others came up, saw the wound in the horse's head, and considered it only a chance shot. No one thought for a moment that Rand had aimed it so. In a little while they chased the fugitive out of the willows and across an open field. A man with a swift horse rode round the field, dismounted, and stood upon a little culvert over which the tramp must pass. Rand, running straight for the man, who held the bridge and a double-barreled shotgun, called to him and signalled to him with his six-shooter. But the man held his place. "Stand aside!" he shouted. The man deliberately raised his shotgun. Without stopping, Rand cut loose at the man. He threw up his hands, waved his gun above his head, and

then, as Rand went by, toppled over into the ditch. Still running, the outlaw heard a rifle crack close behind him, and the whine of a bullet that whistled by. Glancing back, he saw a man standing on the line fence, aiming another shot at him. Again the toy gun cracked, and the man, who had his feet in the top crack of the fence, pitched forward into the field.

Now, when the pursuing party came up and saw the two men hit as the horse had been hit, plump between the eyes, their hearts stood still. What devil was this, at the crook of whose finger men dropped dead? It is all very well to go in pursuit of an outlaw, a murderer, but few men care to face a fiend of this sort, even to avenge the death of a neighbor, or bring the guilty to book. Life is sweet. The pursuing party parleyed, and Rand ran away.

A mile down the road he saw a boy riding a good horse. He stopped the boy and told him hurriedly that a man had been shot down the road and that he was running for a doctor. To hasten matters he borrowed the boy's horse

and sent the boy on to tell the people who were waiting there about it.

Now, when they had heard what the boy had to say they knew that Rand had five miles the start of them, that he could change horses as often as he cared to, and so they gave up the chase. I dare say many of them were glad of the excuse.

As hard luck, or a dislike for honest toil, had made a tramp, so now did the seductive six-shooter make a murderer and an outlaw. There was nothing for him now but to fight it out to the end. Our desperado made his way to St. Louis, where he met the old pal with whom he had tramped through Illinois. To his comrade he said nothing of the blood that was on his hands. One day when the two men were in a pawnshop, a couple of officers in citizens' clothes entered the place. One of the men, a powerful young man, who had spotted Rand, sprang upon the desperado and bore him to the floor. Rand was short, but powerfully built, and he gave the officer a hard run. At last he lay quiet for a moment, then turning he looked toward the

other officer, who was struggling with the harmless but thoroughly frightened tramp, and called excitedly to the man who was holding him. "Look out there!" he shouted. "Help your partner!"

The officer, being off his guard, and having already removed Rand's murderous six-shooter, turned to see how his brother officer was getting on. Quick as a flash Rand pulled a derringer from his vest pocket and drilled a big hole through one of the bravest and most popular officers on the St. Louis force.

The shot, however, did not prove instantly fatal, and with the help that came to him the wounded man was able to disarm the desperado.

After suffering indescribable agony for a few days, the officer died.

I forget what they did with Rand, but if you ask any man who lived in St. Louis a quarter of a century ago, he can tell you.

The purpose of this story is to point a moral. Boy, whoever you may be, wherever you roam, fight shy of the seductive six-shooter.

The Brakeman and The Squaw

THE BRAKEMAN AND THE SQUAW.

HERE is a story of the building of a branch line on a mountain railroad. Conductor McGuire, being a new man, was in charge of the construction train, with engineer Wescott in charge of the engine.

N. C. Creede, afterward famous as the founder of Creede camp, had located the Madonna mine at Monarch camp, and created a necessity for the branch road. They had rushed the work, but the first snow caught them still three miles from the booming silver camp. A wandering band of Indians, hearing of the excitement, and not understanding it, had strayed into the Monarch country, and down the gulch as far as Maysville, then a wild and thriving village at the edge of the Arkansas valley. One day, when it was storming, an old squaw came to McGuire, and wanted a ride up the hill. It was a cruel day, and the kind-

hearted conductor carried the Indian to the end of the track.

It was a month later when one of McGuire's brakemen, named Bowen, who had been hunting in the hills, rushed into the caboose with the startling announcement that his partner, the head brakeman, had been captured by the Indians.

"Look here, Jack," said McGuire, "are you lying?"

"Honest Injun!" said Jack; "if there 's one there 's a million; and they 've got Mickey tied to a stake. We had become separated. I was standing on a precipice, looking for Mickey, when I saw the Indians surround him."

"Now, Jack Bowen had lied so luminously and so frequently to the conductor that the latter was slow to believe this wild tale; but finally he was persuaded that it was true. Returning to Maysville with the engine, he gave the alarm, and the sheriff of Chaffee County made up a posse and set out in search of the brakeman.

The sun was going down behind the range when the engine and the caboose full of amateur

Indian fighters returned to the end of the track. Taking Bowen as guide, the sheriff scoured the hills, but found no trace of the missing man. The storm increased with the darkness, and the sheriff's posse was forced to return to camp. It were useless to put out again in the face of such a storm, and the sheriff was about to return to Maysville, when the old squaw whom McGuire had helped up the hill put her head in at the door of the way car and signalled McGuire to come out. She could scarcely speak a word of English, but, pulling at the conductor's sleeve, she started as though she would lead him into the hills. As often as McGuire would stop, the squaw would stop. He tried to persuade her into the car, but she would not. Now the sheriff came out, and when he saw the signals of the squaw he guessed that she would lead them to the captive; and when McGuire had told him how he had helped this Indian on her way up the hill in a storm, he knew that the Indian was trying to repay the conductor for his kindness. The unfortunate brakeman, McGuire explained, had given the Indian tobacco and whiskey;

therefore she would not see him die without making an effort to save him.

The sheriff called his deputies, and taking a half-dozen volunteers from Garfield camp, made sign to the Indian and followed her away into the wilderness of snow-hung pine and cedar. Now and then the squaw would pause to get her bearings. The snow had ceased falling and the stars were out. After tramping for an hour or more, the Indian signed to the sheriff to stay, and then disappeared into a cedar grove. Presently she returned and led them to the edge of a precipice. Just below them, in a little basin, they could see a pine fire burning and Indians dancing in the light of it. Sitting upon the snow hard by, they saw the brakeman with his fettered hands over his knees and his head bent forward like a man nodding in a pew. The sheriff asked the Indian to lead them on, and she made sign that they must go far around, for the bluff was steep, and they followed her. They had been a half-hour out of sight of the Indian camp, but always going down and down, so they knew now they must be near. When they had gone within

one hundred yards of the Indians, who had not heard them walking upon the muffled earth, they stopped to discuss the work that was before them. The Indian, putting her hand on the sheriff's rifle, pushed it to the ground and shook her head, meaning that she would not have them kill the Indians, whom they outnumbered two to one. The sheriff was at a loss to understand how he was to capture this band without firing, for he had no doubt the Indians would fire upon him the moment they caught sight of him. But the squaw was equal to the emergency. She began to form the men in two lines. Taking hold of their coats she would place a man on the right flank and another on the left, until she had divided the sheriff's posse. She then placed the sheriff at the head of one column and the conductor, whom she regarded as a sort of captain, at the other, and then made sign to them to go forward, one half to the right and the other to the left. Then she made it plain to them that she would have them surround the Indians. She brought her two bony hands together slowly, with the fingers spread out, and when they were

quite together she closed her fists. So the sheriff made out she would have them steal upon the Indians and disarm them or awe them into surrendering at the muzzles of their guns, and he gave instructions to the men accordingly. Of course each individual must now use his judgment, and so the little band surrounded the Indians. In the meantime the squaw stole into the camp and squatted near the fire. As the sheriff's men closed in upon the Indians the squaw leaped to her feet and put out a hand as a signal for the band to be still. The Indians listened, but the sheriff's men, seeing it all, stood still in the snow. Now the squaw spoke to the Indians, saying that she had seen a great many soldiers coming down the hill that evening and giving it as her opinion that the camp would be surrounded and that if the Indians resisted they would all be killed. When she had succeeded in persuading them that it would be best to surrender in case the soldiers should come, she sat down again. This, the sheriff concluded, was a signal for the men to advance, and the posse moved forward. When they were quite near, the Indians were

made aware of their presence by the snapping of a dry cedar-bough, and the sheriff, knowing that delay would be dangerous, shouted to his posse to advance. At the sound of his voice the Indians sprang for their rifles, but when they had got them and got to their feet again the sheriff's posse, coming out of the woods from every direction, held the glittering steel barrels of their rifles in the glare of the camp-fire, and the Indians laid down their arms.

The brakeman, who had concluded that he was to be butchered or roasted, was almost wild with joy. When asked by the sheriff why they held the brakeman, the leader said the white man was lost; they found him, and were only waiting for daylight, when they would take him back to his people and get "heap rum." The sheriff pointed to the white man's fettered hands and asked the Indian to explain; and the Indian said that the man was "heap mad," and they were afraid that if they left his hands loose he would take their guns and kill them while they slept, and if they left his feet unfettered he would wander away in the storm and be lost.

After consulting the conductor and the more important members of the posse, the sheriff concluded, as it was manifest that the Indians were only holding the brakeman for ransom, that he would allow them to go their way, after exacting a promise that they would return at once to their reservation on the other side of the range.

Hoskanimni

HOSKANINNI.

IT was along in the seventies that Cass Hite, a fearless adventurer, drifted into the Navajo reservation. The prospector's attention was attracted by the splendid ornaments worn by the Indians, most of them hammered from pure horn silver. Hite began to cultivate the acquaintance of Hoskaninni, who was not long in office, having murdered his uncle, a thoroughly bad Indian, to get the position of chief of the Western tribe. He gathered from the chief that the Indians owned a mine called the "Peso-la-ki," where native silver grew on every shelf.

He learned, also, that the Indians had quarried all the silver that was in sight, and that the mine could be bought.

In time an agreement was reached. Hoskaninni was to show the Peso-la-ki mine to the Hosteen Peso-la-ki (white silver hunter) for 2000 pesos — 2000 pieces of silver.

Hoskaninni had paid so much attention to the white man that the Indians began to guess that something was up, and when a council was called for the purpose of discussing the proposed sale of the silver mine, there was already a strong silver sentiment antagonistic to the chief.

The council was called to meet at Hoskaninni's hogan, and on the day designated the braves came sullenly and squatted upon the ground.

The head Indian, in a *viva voce* message to the house, stated the object of the meeting, and followed with a very plausible plea for the sale of the Peso-la-ki to the white man. In addition to the 2000 pesos, they would have the advantage of learning from their pale friend how to mine; they could find other valuable mines and become rich and respectable. While he anticipated no danger from this arrangement, it was his intention, nevertheless, to appoint a sub-chief to assist him in protecting his tribe, and a second assistant, who would look after the mine to see that the white man took no more land than he was entitled to.

Each of these officers would be assisted by six braves selected by the head chief. All these men would be mounted on Mormon horses, known as Mountain meadow stock, and armed with the best rifles that money could buy.

A few ambitious braves, dazzled by the grand parade of horses and rifles, fell into the trap of the wily chief, and signified their willingness to serve.

Hoskaninni was something of a fighter, and made, at all times, a beautiful bluff; and when Nevada Bill, a half-breed, stood up to oppose the sale of the mine, the chief whipped out his hatchet, and was about to cut the warrior off at the hip pockets, when half a dozen braves sprang between them.

Hite at this point made a medicine talk, in which he counselled peace; the chief talked more mildly now, but they would not have it.

Another brave took the floor and made a manly plea for his people.

His argument was to the effect that while Hoskaninni had been chosen chief partly because he had dared to remove a man much meaner, if possible, than himself, he had

pledged himself to protect the people and their property. He told, almost in tears, how their grandfathers had suffered at the hands of the Spaniards on the big water. "The smooth trail travelled by Hoskaninni," said he, "our fathers blazed with bleeding feet. They were slaves; they fought and gave us freedom, and I, for one, will not submit silently to be bound and branded like a maverick.

"Hardly has the paint dried up on the splendid plumage of our new chief, when we find him betraying his people to the pale-face. It is an empty honor to be called in council if the words are to be put into our mouths — what we shall say. Wuh! I am ashamed to be called a red man;" and the outraged Indian strode from the tent.

Hoskaninni made another play with his tomahawk when the back of the speaker was turned, but a dozen hands were lifted against him and the angry chief backed down.

Another noble red man took the floor, and as he proceeded the excitement rose to fever heat.

"When a chief was chosen," he began, "I

was in favor of a wiser and a better brave — one who had been tried for twenty dozen moons and who was always to the front with flying plumes when his people needed his service. Brave and just, fearless, but friendly to other tribes, his own people never lost their rightful place in his heart. If now he looked from the hills of the happy hunting-grounds his wrath would break the locks upon his lips and his brave spirit would cry out: 'Begone, ye gray spiders, who seek to take from my people that which was given them by the Great Father. Begone, ye squaws! Your ears are tickled with the applause of strange tribes, but deaf to the appeals of your own people.'

"So would he say — so would he rebuke the coyotes who lick the feet of a fat master for a stout cayuse or a silver-mounted saddle. Dogs! ye make me tired." And another warrior went out into the sage brush and the night.

Hite looked at Hoskaninni, and Hoskaninni looked at Hite. They sat in silence for some time; then Hite rose up, put on his guns, and said, "I will go."

"You will not," said the chief. "You will

stay to-night with me; they will not molest you while you are my guest."

Till late at night the old chief paced the floor with heavy arms about him, fearful that his people might demand the white man, and determined to defend him even to the extent of risking his kingdom and his life.

At the dawn Hite was awakened by the old chief, and looking out between the blankets that served as a door to the house, they saw three hundred ponies tied to the sage brush about the camp.

"See," said Hoskaninni, "their backs are bare; Navajos go to war with no saddles. My people will fight for the Peso-la-ki. I will show you the mine, as I have promised, then you must look out for yourself, for we shall surely be killed. My people believe that if the white man is allowed to dig in our country we shall be made slaves, as the Utes were enslaved by the Spaniards on the big water."

Hite said no, he would not purchase Peso with his brother's blood, and Hoskaninni was willing to let it go at that and continue to reign over the Navajos.

Hite succeeded in leaving the land of Hoskaninni with his scalp, but the friendship of the old Indian endured until the day he died.

Just before Hoskaninni's death Hite had the misfortune to kill a man at Green River, Utah, for which he was sentenced to a short term in a Salt Lake prison.

During Hite's absence from his cabin on the Colorado River his old friend called to pay him a visit. The Navajo explained to Hite's brother that he was growing old and that he wished to do something for his pale friend, "Hosteen-peso-la-ki," as he called him, before he died, and with that end in view he had brought a fine squaw to be the wife of the white man.

Upon learning that Hite was languishing in prison, all because he had shot a hole in a man's heart with a six-shooter when that same man was shooting at him with a rifle, Hoskaninni grew furious. He gave a good illustration of his innocence and loyalty when he demanded to know why they did not get Hite out of prison.

"But we can't," said the brother of the condemned man.

"Have you tried?" asked the Indian.

"No."

"Then how do you know you can't do? Hoskaninni will try. Maybe so git kill, but he try, all same."

It required a great deal of talk to persuade the old chief to return to his reservation instead of moving upon the government prison at Salt Lake.

The fact that Hite was pardoned after serving a few months probably never came to the ears of Hoskaninni, for the hand of death had touched him, and he had already gone to his own place.

The only thing this chief feared was water. He invariably stripped naked when entering a canoe or boat to cross a river, and when seen thus he gave one the belief that he had spent most of his life leaning against a barbed-wire fence. Upon either thigh he had countless scars, as though he had been whipped with a flax hackle. They were wounds made by arrows and bullets that he had received when riding in a circle round the enemy with his body hanging over the side of his pony.

In 1892, when in the reservation, we made an effort to see the famous warrior, who is said to

have been the only chief who did not surrender to the United States Government in the war of 1866. A Navajo assured us that he would take us to the hogan of Hoskaninni in two sleeps, for which he demanded ten pesos. We made him understand that we had learned that Hoskaninni was dead. "Sí," said the Indian, and taking a miner's shovel from one of our party, he made a grave about two inches deep in the sand, lay down in it, crossed his hands, closed his eyes, and said, "Sí, all same Hoskaninni — mucho sleepa six moon." And we decided not to wake him.

Although he has been dead but a little while, the Indians have a very pretty story of his going away. They assured us that on his deathbed he made a solemn vow to guard the trail that leads from the province of the pale-face to the land of the Navajo. It is in the fullfilment of this promise, the natives say, that the ghost of Hoskaninni gallops nightly down Tickaboo cañon, —

> That every night, at midnight,
> As the winds go wailing by,
> Rides the ghost of Hoskaninni
> 'Gainst the Hosteen-Pes'-la-ki.

Tickaboo

TICKABOO.

VERY many years ago the Spaniards lived on the Colorado River and the Navajos claim that their fore-Indians used to work as slaves in the once famous Josephine mine and that their grandmothers rocked the cradles of the Spaniards and washed gold by the banks of the big water. A Spaniard wrote to a friend in Spain that there was wealth enough in the Josephine to make the Catholic world independently rich. A smart old chief enlisted the services of a number of tribes and made war on the Spaniards, who were driven from the big water and compelled to give up their slaves.

One of the stipulations of the treaty was that the Spaniards should cover all traces of the mine and leave it forever.

Some fifty years ago two Mormon boys were sent to live with these Indians on the Colorado; the main object of the elders was to have the boys learn the language and ways of the red

man that they might be used in the work of Christianizing the tribes, in accordance, of course, with the book of Mormon. For a time the children suffered greatly, but in the course of a few years they became as hard and hardy as the red man.

Old Tickaboo, the Ute chief, was very kind to the pale children in many ways. In time of war he hid them away in the hills, and in time of peace he rode with them in the Utah vales, and taught their young ideas how to shoot. The Indians were extremely jealous of the white boys, and as the years went by and the boys grew to be men they began to be regarded as real Indians, and only the older warriors who remembered how tenderly they were cared for by the chief looked upon them with jealous eyes.

One of the boys, Shirtz by name, was a special favorite of Tickaboo, who was now a very old Indian. Many times he had told his white friend the story of the lost mine; how his mother and his mother's mother had worked there as slaves. Often Shirtz urged the old man to show him where the mine was buried,

but the superstitious Indian said that the ghosts of dead braves were there and that they must not be disturbed.

Shirtz was a bearded man and there were streaks of silver in his soft black hair when at last Tickaboo promised to show him the grave of the Josephine. It was in the early autumn when the two men, with a trusty Indian cook and a white friend of Shirtz, set out in search of the long-lost mine. Miles and miles of these sandstone mountains along the Colorado River are entirely barren of vegetation, and water is equally scarce.

The little band of explorers endured many hardships, and at one time, after travelling two whole days without water, the old chief lay down to die. The Indian eye of Shirtz found a narrow trail made by mountain sheep going down to drink. After following the trail for an hour he came to a pool of pure water standing in a basin-shaped sand rock. They are called tanks in that country and that one is known to the cowboys as Tickaboo tank. To this pool they carried the almost helpless form of the old chief and nursed him back to life.

They had been in camp nearly a week waiting for the old man to get strong enough to resume the journey in search of the hidden treasure, when one afternoon Tickaboo climbed to the top of the cañon wall and stood looking with shaded eyes toward the setting sun. Then he beckoned Shirtz, and Shirtz went up and stood by the old chief and gazed over the waste of wind-swept rock.

Just in front of them, a little to the north of the sunset, they saw the snowy summit of the Henry mountains.

"Yonder," said the old chief, pointing to the west, "lies the Josephine, lost among the twisted hills. There are the graves of my people, and the white peaks are the monuments put there by the Great Father to mark the place. One more sleep, my son, and Tickaboo will show you great mine."

When the two men came down to camp Shirtz related to his white friend all that the old man had said and they were in high spirits. The old Indian cook was unable to account for the hilarity of the camp that evening, for he was kept in ignorance of the purpose of the trip.

After supper Tickaboo called for his pipe and the smart young man filled it partly with gunpowder and partly with tobacco. The aged chief was restless. He was idiotically superstitious, and as he began to pull at his pipe he mused on what he was about to do. For a half-century he had held this great secret sacredly in his heart. At last his love for his white friend had tempted him, standing as he was now on the edge of the grave, to show him the ruins of the old mine.

"If it is right," said he, "we shall find it — if it is wrong there will be some token — maybe so my mother's ghost will come to me to-night and tell me what to do. More blanket, son. Waugh! How the fire spits."

Shirtz wrapped the old chief warmly in an extra blanket, and the two sat apart and conversed softly. If a prowling lion snapped a twig the Indian started up and looked for his grandmother's ghost. A lone coyote stood upon the cañon wall and wailed, precisely where the two men stood that afternoon, and the chief said that it was the voice of a dead brave warning him not to show the lost mine to the white man.

"I am afraid," said the aged Indian; "the hero of a hundred battles shakes like a squaw. Tickaboo the brave is walking backward in the night, and he shall fall, and his bones shall lie by the trail to frighten the cayuse of the pale-face. These hills will swarm with the Hosteen peso-la-ki, as the ant-hills swarm with ants, and like lean badgers they will grub in the graves of my people. You were wicked not to let me die yesterday when I could die in peace, with this great secret locked up in my cold breast."

"Did not your father, Bull-face the brave, give this secret to your keeping?" said Shirtz, "and can you not trust your son?"

"But you are not of my blood; much as I love you, I can see the face of the white man, and he is my enemy. You think you love me now, but when you have seen the face of your own father, Tickaboo will be no more to you.

"Yes, it is so — the lambs go with the sheep, the calves with the cattle; and you will forget me when I am gone. Tickaboo has lived long time, and has seen all his people die, but has never been so troubled as he is to-night. The fire burns low, the yellow moon is ashamed to

shine — the lean coyote keeps his place on the ricks above; there is much meaning, my son, in all this. Tickaboo the brave is no more — Tickaboo is a squaw to-night, the child of a white man stands between him and his people."

Again the coyote howled on the hill, there there was a flash — a puff of smoke and Tickaboo's pipe went to pieces. In vain did the white men endeavor to persuade the old Indian that it was only a joke, and that Shirtz's friend had put powder in the pipe.

"It was a token — a warning," the old man said, and they would go no further.

All night the old chief sat wrapped in thought and blankets, gazing into the flickering fire: and at the dawn of day the little band began the journey back to the village of the Utes. The little joke of the white man had cost him and his friend a fortune, for Tickaboo could doubtless have found the lost mine, but he alone held the secret.

Little Cayuse

LITTLE CAYUSE.

WHEN there were no railroads west of Missouri or east of California, they used to carry mail and light freight on horseback between St. Joe and Sacramento. This service was known as the pony express. Horses swift and strong, and riders brave and enduring were employed, and relay stations were set fifty miles apart across the great American desert.

Away out in Wyoming there lived a trapper who was known only by the name of "Whipsaw"—a name given him by a gambler in Deadwood.

A Sioux who had a hideous scar upon his face had come to this trapper's camp one winter's day with a Pawnee baby, naked and nearly frozen. The Sioux wanted to sell the boy, and the trapper gave him a knife and kept the child. The young Pawnee was not more than three years old.

Two years later Whipsaw went to keep the station called White Horse for the pony express, taking the Pawnee with him. The little fellow grew to love his white father, and seemed to conceive a bitter hatred for all Indians. Like other Indians, he was ever alert. The scratch of a prowling bear on the cabin door or the cry of a lone wolf on a far-off hill would wake him from a sound sleep. He would hear the hoofs of the incoming horses beating the plains a mile away, and long before his white master could hear the faintest sound.

"Cayuse, Cayuse," he would whisper in the dead of night. He was an alarm-clock for the station.

The little Pawnee was never too cold or too sleepy to go out and welcome the weary rider and pat the nose of the spent steed, saying softly the while, "Cayuse, Cayuse."

In fact, it was the boy's great fondness for horses that caused Whipsaw to call him "Little Cayuse."

One night Whipsaw woke, and found the boy sitting up in his blankets listening.

"Cayuse?" asked Whipsaw.

"Long time," said the boy, shaking his head. "Long time — no cayuse."

Then they knew what the child meant. It was one o'clock; the pony express was an hour late and the boy knew, instinctively, that it was so.

For another hour the two men sat and waited for a sign from the boy, who listened for the sound of the horse's feet. Presently the Pawnee crawled out, put his ear to the ground, came back and shook his master.

"Cayuse?" asked Whipsaw.

"Heap cayuse," was the boy's reply, and they understood.

Little Cayuse seized his rifle, slipped out and the two men followed him. To guard against surprises of this sort, Whipsaw had dug short trenches, deep enough to hide a man, all about the cabin, and now to his surprise, Little Cayuse planted himself in one of these holes. Without a word the two men took places, one to the right the other to the left of the boy, and waited.

The clouds were breaking, and in the starlight they could see the Sioux, six of them,

near the cabin door. They listened — one of them pushed the door open. Now an Indian went in, came out a moment later and they all filed in, at the very moment that Whipsaw was about to open fire. Instantly he changed his plan. They would charge on the cabin door and fight the gang, which outnumbered them, even counting the boy, two to one. Without a word Whipsaw got to his feet, and instantly his companions were at his side.

Bob the express rider held his rifle, the trapper laid his upon the ground and held a six-shot revolver in either hand. It was to be close and rapid fighting; he would empty his six-shooters and after that the knife. Little Cayuse grasped his rifle with fourteen shots in the magazine. There was no word of command, but as Whipsaw leaned forward they all started double quick for the cabin. Ten paces from the door they stopped, the boy still sandwiched between the men. The Sioux must have heard them, for now they came pouring out. Before they had gained the open air the little regiment opened fire. Two of the Indians fell, the others returned the fire, but with bad

aim. Another round from the white men and two more Sioux bit the dust. Bob was pumping his rifle, when a ball from the cabin door shattered his right shoulder. Dropping the gun he pulled his six shooter and continued to fight. Having emptied both of the revolvers, Whipsaw slammed one of them into the face of a Sioux, who came for him with a knife. The two men began fighting close now, while Little Cayuse kept pumping small shot into the other remaining Sioux. Seeing Whipsaw hard pressed, the boy began to watch for a chance to use his little rifle. Bob succeeded at last in stopping his man, and then fell in a faint from loss of blood. Whipsaw had been shot and badly cut, when his antagonist paused to get advantage. Instantly Little Cayuse shoved the rifle as near the Sioux's left side as he could get it and pulled the trigger, and the big, bad Indian sank in a heap.

In the sag not far away they found the horses that the robbers had ridden and the express pony, with the pouch still on the saddle, standing in a bunch, their bridles tied together.

About a mile up the trail they found the

body of the rider, stiff and cold, with a bullet hole in his head, and carried him back and buried him, and there would n't have been a soul at the funeral but for Little Cayuse.

The next day when they were caching the carcasses of the dead Indians, Little Cayuse shocked and surprised the white men by constantly clubbing and kicking the corpses. Of a sudden he gave a wild yell, seized his rifle and began emptying it into one of the dead Indians. Whipsaw took the gun away from him.

"See! see!" cried the boy, pointing at the dead Indian, and the trapper recognized in the object of the boy's wrath the hideous features of the scar-faced Sioux who had sold the child, by whose hands he had in his own good time, been taken off.

Renegade Indians had made so much trouble at White Horse station that Whipsaw and Little Cayuse, determined to make it hot for the next gang that called.

White Horse was the wildest, most dangerous and desolate station on the pony-express line

between St. Joe and Sacramento. The place had been cleaned out on an average of once a month since its establishment, and Wells, Fargo, & Co. were growing weary finding horses and feed for all the lawless bands in Wyoming and surrounding territories.

They had asked Whipsaw what he required for the better protection of the station; and the ponies galloped back to Sacramento with his answer: —

"A jug of squirrel whiskey, six six-shooters, a whole lot of firecrackers, and a man."

The man with the supplies came up from California a few days later, and Whipsaw began to build his traps. He had been a trapper by profession up to the time he came to White Horse to take charge of the station.

He gave two of the six-shooters to the new man, lifted a log with the help of his companions, and fixed the other four firmly in a crack, all pointing into the cabin and toward the door. These instruments of death were so grouped that Little Cayuse, lying on the dirt-roof of the lean-to, could work them. A chink was knocked out, and through this opening the boy

was expected to feed the fireworks when the house was full of Indians.

They made the "cat hole" large enough for Little Cayuse, and in that way he could slip from the cabin to the stable, and so to the roof of the shed.

When the boy had played with his battery and had mastered the mystery of the firecrackers, Whipsaw expressed the belief that the thing would be a success. Little Cayuse grinned with savage delight as he listened to the din of the revolvers and the noise of crackers.

Almost 100 yards from the cabin door and some 40 or 50 yards apart, they dug three pits, long enough for a man to lie down in. These pits were covered over with stout willows and earth, save a space at the end next to the house, which was covered by a trap door hung to one of the willows by strong leather straps. The tops of the doors were carpeted with burlap, that had been wet and dabbed on the desert until it caught the color of the earth. It was summer time, and Whipsaw, the extra man, and the rider who was lying over there, now took their blankets and slept in the pits. Little

Cayuse, the seven-year-old Pawnee, slept in the cabin, for no Indian could come near him without his knowledge of the presence of the stranger.

They had been sleeping out for more than a month, and the pony-express riders had begun to complain, when the west-bound rider, due at White Horse at midnight, failed to arrive. At one o' clock Little Cayuse crept out to where Whipsaw slept, and whispered: "Heap long time — me no see 'em cayuse."

"What you see?"

"Me see 'em heap gun — far away, boom, boom, boom," said the boy.

One of the many peculiarities of Little Cayuse was that he never "heard" anything. He insisted always that he "saw" it thunder, or that he "saw" the cayuse, the pony bringing the mail, far away in the dead of night.

So Whipsaw knew that he had heard the sound of firearms, and made no doubt that the express rider had been killed.

Whipsaw ordered the boy to creep to the other pits, warn the men, and get back to his place.

The jug of "bug juice," as he called it,

Whipsaw had kept constantly just inside the open door of the cabin.

Presently an Indian came crouching under the eaves of the shed. Little Cayuse peering over could see his bent back directly under him, and could hardly resist the temptation to plug him with the short rifle that had been given him by the express company, but he knew that this was only a scout, or spy, and that more Indians were at hand. In a little while the Indian worked his way to the cabin door, found the jug, smelled of it, took a drink, and then darted away as noiselessly as a cat.

It was some time before a sound was heard, for the band of renegades would not stir until they had drained the two-gallon jug.

Usually these bands were small, from six to a dozen men, but this gang had thirty or forty desperate Indians in it. The first intimation Little Cayuse had of the return of the band was the patter of feet, like the noise by a band of boys, running barefoot down a dusty lane, and then he saw the dark forms of the Indians coming for the cabin like a swarm of grasshoppers.

They believed that all the people of the

station were in the house asleep, and would be caught like rats in a trap. Outside the door they paused for an instant, drew their hatchets, and then rushed into the cabin. As soon as he heard their shuffling feet upon the floor, Little Cayuse began working his battery. The Indians without rushed to the rescue of their comrades within, who, being unable to find the door, endeavored to fly from a hogan whose very walls breathed thunder and lightning. The moment he had emptied one chamber of each of the pistols, the Indian boy lighted a few hundred fire-crackers and shoved them through the crack, rolled loosely in a newspaper so as to hide the fire. When these began to explode amid the savages, the boy began the work of emptying the revolvers that were fixed fast in the wall. To add to the confusion, the men in the pits now put up their heads and each emptied a pair of forty-fives into the struggling band of savages. Those rushing in collided with those coming out, and they all stumbled and fell over the twisted bodies of the dying and dead. In the blinding smoke, the drunken savages began firing their

rifles wildly, or hacked one another to death in the awful darkness of the place; all of which the more confused the Indians without, causing them to continue the struggle to gain an entrance to the cabin.

Each passing moment added to the awfulness of the scene. The wild war-whoops of these painted pirates of the plain, the rattle of rifles, the shrieks of the wounded, and the strangled cries of the dying, were horrible to hear.

Having re-loaded their six-shooters, to have handy for close fighting, the men in the pits now began to use their rifles on the wild rabble of red skins, who were struggling at the door of the cabin.

Finding no one to attack, panic-stricken and bewildered, the Indians, with a wild yell of despair, turned to fly. Catching glimpses of the glare of the guns that were aimed at them from the pits, the savages now rushed toward these yellow flames.

Instantly the men dropped back like so many prairie dogs, pulled the doors down, and were gone.

Being unable to compete with an enemy that

could make itself visible or invisible at will, that could come and go like the spirits of the dead, the Indians, with another wild, despairing cry, fled from the field, leaving the dead to the mercies of the mysterious foe.

About a month after the battle at White Horse, Bob was able to take his ride again on the pony express..

Little Cayuse was now more of a hero than ever. The most he had done up to that night had been to warn the men when the Sioux were coming, but now it became known that he had not only detected the enemy in the act of stealing upon the station, but had actually killed the leader of the murderous band with his "thirty-eight."

One day when Whipsaw and the express rider, who lay over at White Horse, were out after buffalo, Little Cayuse was watching the station. The hunters had been lured away by the flying herd, and when the sun hung low in the clear, hot sky, they had not yet returned. For nearly an hour the Indian boy had been watching a bare-backed broncho that seemed

to be feeding about a mile away, but kept working nearer and nearer to the station.

Presently the sharp eye of the Pawnee saw that the animal had two pairs of front legs. A quarter of an hour later he made out that the rider was stalking in the shadow of the horse. To and fro the animal went, out toward the sunset that was blinding the boy, and at each turn came nearer to the station. When at last the round, red sun went down, and the men did not return, the brave little watchman took his rifle and planted himself in the cabin door. At dusk the horse began to circle round the cabin, but the boy kept his place. Now not more than a hundred yards separated the horse and the station.

The owner of the animal now started for the cabin from the rear, and when he reached the shed, or lean-to in which the express horses were kept, he stopped. The boy cocked his ear and his rifle.

The man started his horse round the house one way, and crept round the other side on tiptoe. As the head of the horse showed up at the corner of the cabin, Little Cayuse stood

up to face whatever or whoever might come, and instantly a powerful Sioux sprang upon him from behind, twisted the gun from his slender hands, threw him upon the back of his horse and vaulted up behind him.

The big Indian gazed down upon the little toy gun contemptuously, swept the horizon with his eagle eye, leaned forward, clamped the horse with his knees, and the animal galloped away.

A half-hour later Whipsaw and Bob, tired and hungry, rode up to the cabin. "Cayuse!" called Whipsaw, but there was no answer.

Dismounting, Bob threw the door of the shed open, for his first thought was of the express pony, and was greeted by a cheerful neigh. Whipsaw went into the cabin, came out, looked at his companion, and uttered the one word, "Gone." He stopped and lifted the boy's rifle, that had been discharged in the scuffle, saw the empty shell in the "death chamber," and wondered where the bullet had gone. It seemed to be a consolation to find that the boy had made some sort of a fight. He had not gone willingly away with his own

people. He had been stolen, captured, and carried away by the Sioux, who would hold him for a high reward, unless the boy should invite death by attempting to escape.

That night the men had to keep watch for the first time for more than a year, for Little Cayuse would not be there to call them when the first faint sound of horses' feet was heard on the distant plain.

As soon as it was light Whipsaw took the trail of the horse that had carried the boy away. In a sag, not far from the cabin, he saw where an extra horse had been tethered, and he knew then that the capture of Little Cayuse had been the result of a well-laid plan, and that it would be useless to follow the thief.

The news of the capture was carried east to St. Joe and west to Sacramento by the riders of the flying bronchos that were racing across the continent. The company immediately offered a reward for the recapture of the Indian boy, who had become not only an alarm clock, but a watch dog, at the most dangerous station on the entire route.

For six hours the Pawnee, with feet lashed to the saddle, rode in front of his captor. Swift as the wind, silent as the shadows of birds, they swept over the sage-covered desert into the territory of Nebraska.

For nearly a year Little Cayuse lived among the Sioux, but he never forgot his white master. In all this time he made no attempt to escape, and his captors began to believe that the boy had become reeonciled to his fate. It would be pleasant to write here that Little Cayuse was vastly superior to other Indians, — that he went regularly to the Platte, took off his belt, and bathed him in the running stream, — but he did nothing of the kind. If he plunged into the river occasionally it was because its water was cool and refreshing, and not because he panted to be clean. Cleanliness is next to godliness. Little Cayuse was an Indian. He would skin a rabbit alive to see how long it would live naked, and share his dinner with a crippled dog.

A mill-run of Indians of that day and age, regardless of tribe or locality, would probably show a result of about one Jekyll to sixteen Hydes.

In the spring and summer following the capture of the boy the Sioux were busy with the Pawnees and the United States troops. The band in which the boy was held were forced to break camp one dark night and fly for their lives.

Little Cayuse took advantage of the situation and escaped. Not knowing that the Pawnees, who were after the Sioux, were his own people, he turned his face to the west and set out to find his white friend. He travelled all night, not knowing exactly to what point of the compass his swift feet were carrying him, and at dawn hid beneath the bank of the river. When the sun went down he set his face toward the gold and resumed his journey. He made note of the stars, so that when the gold was gone he was able to keep his course toward the west.

It was near midnight of the second "sleep;" the boy was hungry and tired. He knew by his native instinct that he must be near the station from which the Sioux had carried him a year ago, and concluded to lie down and rest until morning. He ate the last of a small

piece of dried buffalo meat that he had carried with him. Away off toward the mountains at the north he heard a lone wolf howl. Another answered from the south of him. The boy, being unarmed, was sore afraid. He got to his feet, listened, and hurried on. Presently he heard a sage-bush rattle, looked back, and saw a dark shadow following him. He stopped short, and the shadow stopped. He turned and ran toward it, beating the night air with his arms. The shadow flounced noiselessly to one side, and he knew it was a wolf.

He turned and ran for a hundred yards, glanced back, and the shadow was at his heels. He faced about, and to his horror there were three or four other shadows following the first.

He ran at them; they flounced about, but did not run away. Now he had to study the stars to get his bearings again, and, when he started forward, found himself surrounded by the gaunt, gray wolves of the plain. Brave as he was, the boy's heart stood still, while the hungry animals crouched nearer. He tried to pick up something to throw, but there was

nothing but the dry earth and the sage-brush.

Far down the plain he thought he heard the hoofs of a horse hitting the trail. He put his ear to the earth and heard to his joy the unmistakable callatter, callatter, of a horse's flying feet. Near and nearer came the sound, and closer crept the wild dogs of the desert. The boy's trained ear told him that he was north of the trail upon which the horse seemed to be travelling, and that the lone rider would pass to the south of him. Darting this way and that he succeeded in driving the wolves away for a moment, and then hurried across the sage-brush. He had not gone a hundred yards before he found himself surrounded by the band again. The horse was now so near that he could hear the animal's breath coming with a snort like the exhaust of a locomotive at each jump, and the wolves were so close to him that he could hear them lick their chops, and see their eyes shining like green glass in the darkness. Now he could see the horse outlined against the horizon and the rider leaning forward holding the broncho hard between

his knees. The boy made another desperate effort to escape from his pursuers, darted forward and a moment later his bare feet felt the trail. At that moment one of the wolves snapped his sharp teeth through the calf of the boy's leg, threw him to the ground and instantly he was covered by a dozen leaping, snarling, snapping wolves that completely blocked the trail. The horse stopped so suddenly that a less watchful rider would have been hurled into the heap.

"Yeh pirates o' th' plain," cried the man, whipping out a six-shooter. He knew the rolling brown bundle for a band of wolves, and reckoned that below the heap there struggled a buffalo calf or a young antelope.

As the rider began to empty his revolver rapidly into the band they began to scatter, and as the smoke cleared away the Pawnee, torn and bleeding, staggered to his feet.

"Cayuse!" cried the rider.

"Wuh!" grunted the Indian, as he recognized his old master, Whipsaw.

The man grasped the boy by one arm and lifted him to the back of the horse. A wolf

snapped at the boy's feet. Taking another shot at them, Whipsaw scattered the band and the horse dashed away again. But these wolves had tasted blood, and they gave chase.

A mile away, in the cabin at White Horse, the rider who was to carry the mail on West, and the wounded rider whose place Whipsaw had taken, heard the rattle of the revolver, armed themselves and started up the trail.

Meanwhile the bloodthirsty wolves came nearer and nearer, snapping at the flying heels of the frightened horse and leaping up in a mad effort to drag the wounded boy, whose blood had reddened their tongues, from the saddle.

Holding the boy with one hand and leaving the horse to guide himself, Whipsaw pointed his pistol over his shoulder and pumped lead into the darkness behind him. An occasional yelp told of a wolf that had been hit, but still the band came on.

As the men came from the cabin the spent horse galloped up to the door, with the howling wolves at his heels.

A few rounds from the rifles of the two men

and the sight and scent of civilization soon put the wolves to flight, and the fresh rider, with a fresh horse, dashed on toward the coast.

The wounded rider led the tired horse away. Whipsaw carried the boy into the cabin and laid him tenderly upon his blankets, that had been kept ready and waiting for him all these weeks and months. His chest, arms, and legs were fearfully torn, and into the open wounds Whipsaw poured the contents of a quart bottle. Not a murmur nor a moan came from the hero of eight summers as the red liquor was poured into his bleeding wounds.

"There 's five hundred in this for you," said the pony-express man, limping in from the shed. "An' it might have been mine ef it had n't been fer them infernal Injins."

Whipsaw made no reply, for he was not thinking of the reward that had been offered by Wells, Fargo, & Co., owners of the pony express. He was thinking of the brave boy who had once saved his life. The gray old plainsman was deeply touched by the boy's bravery, and his eyes were wet for the first time within a quarter of a century. He would

not let his rough companion see his tears, but allowed them to fall upon the brown face of the boy.

"Poor Little Cayuse," said Whipsaw.

"Wuh!" said Little Cayuse.

The Wahsatch Band of Bandits

THE WAHSATCH BAND OF BANDITS.

WHEN the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad was extended through the black cañon of the Gunnison, over Soldier Summit and across the Utah Desert to the city of Salt Lake, it opened a new and fruitful field for enterprising train robbers. It brought business to the very door, so to speak, of a band of bandits who had been driven from Purgatory range in Colorado and were now living a rather monotonous life in the Wahsatch Mountains in Utah. By changing their names and whiskers as often as they changed their postoffice address, and by receiving their mail anonymously, these hunted criminals were able for a time to keep clear of the officers of the law, and to make occasional sorties into the desert for the purpose of flagging the midnight express. This new and enterprising railroad,

being the most direct route, enjoyed the privilege of carrying the gold from the San Francisco Mint to the Treasury at Washington or the Sub-Treasury at New York, and this fact was among the many things known to the half-breed leader of the Wahsatch band. These bandits were well mounted, having the pick of the thousands of splendid horses that graze in the broad and beautiful plain that begins at Fruitville and ends at Ogden. The Mormons had organized and hunted the gang, but with poor success. When they were in need of meat the outlaws would ride into the valley, rope and slaughter a steer or sheep, and long before daylight be sleeping in their mountain caves again.

If they wanted something from a grocer they would enter one of the quiet Mormon villages, disguised as cowboys or Indians, play drunk, shoot up the town, and in the excitement help themselves and ride away, while the people peered after them, only too glad to let them go.

An Indian chief, who had been a warrior of some note in his time, offered, for a considerable reward, to capture or kill the outlaws. Having

received the proper authority, he made a Spanish sortie. With a dozen men, well mounted, this Indian started for the hills to hunt the bandits. All the people of the valley gave aid to the Indians, thinking perhaps that whatever the result might be, the loss to the church would be trifling.

At the last little town near the foot of the range the red chief and his band were given an ovation, with red liquor on the side. Nothing can be worse for a community than the mixing of firewater, firearms, and Indians.

The outlaws heard of the coming of the red sheriff, and arranged a reception for him.

They had their hiding-place in a narrow cañon, that pinched out at the top so that a horseman could ride so far and no farther.

The trail to this cañon led over a sweep of barren rock, so that it was difficult to follow. But now, being anxious to have the Indians find them, the bandits rode down the cañon to the valley, turned and came back again, making a new, plain trail. Then, carrying their horses and other chattels out over the blind trail, they established themselves at a point

above the old camp and beyond where the cañon walls came together.

The Indians soon found the trail, and, flushed with firewater, they gave chase. In a few hours, and much sooner than they expected, they came upon the old camp, and before they could raise their rifles the outlaws were pouring lead into them from the crags above.

Three or four of the Indians fell at the first fire, and what added to the horror of the situation was that they were unable to return the fire, so completely were the outlaws hidden in the jagged rock. Panic-stricken, the Indians dashed down the cañon, but the bandits continued to shower the lead after them. The leader and two more of his men fell in the retreat, and that was the last time the Indians of Utah undertook to arrest the bandits.

It was shortly after this fight that the railroad was opened, and the gang determined to enter upon the more romantic business of train robbing.

The first two or three attempts made by the Utah gang to hold up the midnight express had resulted to their embarrassment.

Once the air had failed to work, and at another time a desperate cowboy who happened to be among the passengers, disputed the territory, and put the bandits to flight. Another such water haul would bring about the leader's impeachment, and that distinguished individual determined to re-establish himself in the confidence and esteem of his companions.

Solitude, about as desolate a spot as there is on the American continent, was selected as the proper place to rob the train.

There was not a house at that station; only a solitary switch target at either end of a long and lonely side-track. A red cotton handkerchief soaked in bear's oil was set ablaze as the long train, with two engines, came roaring down the desert. Instead of swinging the torch steadily back and forth across the track, the amateur flagman allowed the light to bob about in an awkward, unseemly manner that caused the man on the leading locomotive to mistrust the "token."

He blew his whistle long and loud, ending with the two familiar "toot-toots," in answer

to the signal and shut off. The waiting robbers hastily put out the torch as the train came on, but instead of applying the air which was his business, the leading engineer (*sotto voce*) sounded "Off brake," and opened up again. Before the bewildered robbers could realize what had happened the train, the speed of which had scarcely slackened, went thundering by.

Just what had been avoided by the sagacity of the daring engineer might have remained a secret had not the baffled bandits been so indiscreet as to send a shower of bullets into the rear car of the flying train.

It is a dangerous thing to run by a stop signal, but whatever succeeds is successful, and the wisdom of the engineer's action was not questioned, so far as we know, by any of the railway officials. Indeed, the same trick has been worked more than once since. It was done very successfully in the lone cut on the Lake Shore Road only a year or two ago, but it is not safe to try it too often with the same gang.

That night, when the band had retired to a

safe place among the hills over against the range, they held an important meeting.

Manifestly, the leader did not know his business, and his resignation was called for; he refused to surrender, and the gang voted to disband. He had been a poor provider at best. The gang breakfasted lightly, lunched lighter still, and in the twilight stole away. Only one man remained loyal to the old leader, and while the others headed for the hills these desperadoes rode back to Solitude.

At a flag station they robbed a section house, secured a red light and a spike maul, and determined to take one more fall out of the midnight express.

It was Ed Maloney's run out that night, and when he armed himself with a brand new six-shooter the trainmen gave him the laugh. The trainmaster said something about locking an empty barn, but Maloney took the gun, shoved it into the bosom of his engine jacket, and pulled out for Grand Junction.

Almost every engineer has his hobby, and Maloney's specialty was the book of rules, a small volume printed by the company for the

guidance of its employees. If he wanted to clean a headlight or take a pill he would first consult the book, and, if he failed to find anything printed on that subject, he would then proceed, deliberately, to do the very best he could without instructions.

"It is much better," he used to say, "to rely on a good book than a bad memory." He had often declared to his fireman that he expected that little book to save his life some day.

However, upon this particular occasion he elected to fortify himself with a "forty-five," regardless of what the trainmen might think about it.

Finally, there was a long, mournful blast of the whistle, and when the sound had died away in the desert, the conductor picked up his white light, said "Solitude," and stepped out on the rear platform. Three or four men followed him, but all they could see was the dripping railing, the chain across the rear end of the car, the wet bell-rope fastened to the chain, and the darkness closing rapidly around them.

But what Maloney saw would have turned their hair gray. It was a regulation red light, but it was not being handled by a car hand, and Maloney determined to disregard it. At any other time he would have stopped, but a precedent had been established. An engineer had run past a signal at this very siding the night before, and had been voted a great head; so Maloney only whistled, looked sharp and let them go.

The robbers had expected this, and that is why they had broken the switch bridle and opened the switch at the far end of the siding. Maloney half expected this, and the moment his headlight shone upon the leaning target he shut off, reversed and applied the air-brakes, full upon the whirring wheels.

A moment later the big, black engine shot off in the desert, turned half over on her left side, caught the fireman and crushed him to death. Maloney, thrown through the cab window, floundered in the adobe mud for a few seconds, and was on his feet again. So well had he performed his duty that all the cars except the mail, express, and smoker, remained

upon the rail. The express car was what the robbers wanted, but it was driven high up on the mail car, which was resting on the tail of the tank. Maloney, boiling with rage, felt for his book of rules. It was there all right, but there was no light to read by, and like enough there was no rule to cover urgent emergencies, such as now confronted him.

The only rule he could call to mind was the one at the bottom of the time card, "In case of doubt, take the safe side," and Maloney felt for his gun. In the general confusion it had dropped down into his overalls, but he fished it out and approached the wreck. The oil box in which the supplies were carried, had been jarred loose and driven up against the furnace door. When it had been there a few seconds the oil ignited, and instantly the whole interior of the wrecked engine cab was aflame. When the flash came it showed Maloney face to face with the two robbers. Being quick and cool, the engineer raised his revolver and blazed away at one of the men, and the robber chief was left without a follower. But, even as Maloney pressed the trigger, the desperado held his own

gun close to the engineer's breast and let go. The conductor and passengers who were now hurrying up from the rear, saw the murderous weapon pointed straight at Maloney's heart and made no doubt but that he would be dead in an instant. But when the gun went off the big engineer only staggered, clapped his left hand over his heart, and blazed away at the robber. The spectacle of a man shot through the heart still showing fight seemed to fill the bandit with terror, and being a coward, as many of these fellows are, he turned and dashed away into the darkness, while Maloney still holding his hand to his left breast, sent stray bullets over the desert where the robber ran.

In the glare of the light Maloney opened his shirt to look for the bullet hole, and there was only a big red spot over his heart. Closing his shirt he examined his jumper, pulled his book of rules out, and found a deep furrow ploughed across the cover.

"That did the business," said the engineer, as the conductor approached. "I told you that book would be the saving of my life some day." And then they started to put out the fire.

Wantawanda

WANTAWANDA.

ABOUT the middle of the first half of the present century an English captain, named Stuart, came to America to see the show.

Like most of his countrymen he wanted to get right out on the ragged reef of civilization, hang over the edge, and look down into the unknown. At St. Louis he fell in with Fitzpatrick, a trapper, who was heading for the Yellowstone country with a goodly company of fur catchers. The Englishman was an enthusiastic sportsman and by the time they had reached the Rocky Mountains he was thoroughly convinced that this was the wildest and woolliest, biggest and bulliest country then unmapped. When they paused to rest, well up in the Rockies, he said he had seen a lot of fun. He had fought a wounded buffalo bull with a pistol, and had killed a grizzly bear with a bowie; but he was now about to figure

in fights that would make him forget these things.

The party fell in with a band of Cheyennes who were encamped on the Big Horn, not far from a band of Sioux, with which tribe the Cheyennes happened to be upon calling terms at the moment.

Fitzpatrick, the captain of the fur-catchers, was at home with the Indians because of the crimson cloth, red liquor, and other things that he would swap for the robes and peltry of the red men.

While the trappers showed their trinkets to the bucks and does of the Cheyennes a scout came leaping into the light of the camp fire to say that a small band of Crows (sparrow-hawks) had come up in the early part of the evening and encamped in a cañon midway between the Cheyenne and the Sioux camp.

"Hoop-a-la!" said the Cheyenne chief, twirling his battle-axe; "me heap hate a Crow for he fight only Ingin, like a white man. Maby-so me ketch 'em Medicine Calf, the curly-haired Crow. Hoop-a-la!"

To avoid the risk of being surprised them-

selves, the Cheyennes put out their fires and rolled up in their blankets to sleep, so as to be fresh and frisky at the matinée that would open with the waking morn.

The Cheyenne chief sent for Fitzpatrick. "Will the white chief join me in the sport at the other end of the sleep?" he asked.

"No," said the trapper; "the Crows are our friends."

"So they are! so they are!" said the Indian; "and that's one of the reasons why I want to rub 'em out; but since you are so fond of them you may go and sleep with 'em and I'll rub you out, and all these white-livered coyotes that yelp at your heels. Hoop-a-la! Ingin git a good many fun this grass!" And the Cheyenne jumped up and cracked his moccasins together so sharply that the beads fairly rattled.

Fitzpatrick said he would see about it and went out.

In the camp of the palefaces Fitzpatrick explained the situation. Some of the men said the Crows were only Indians, and they might as well have fun with them as not; others said the Crows had always been the friends of the

white trappers, and had helped them fight the bloody Blackfeet upon countless occasions; but a majority being in favor of going, it was so decided. Only the obstinate Englishman held out. As a matter of principle he objected to being pushed into a fight that was not his. Even if the Crows had been no better than the Sioux or the Cheyennes he could not see why the trappers should go out against them just to please this pagan. But back of all this there was a story, — a very short story, to be sure, but long enough and strong enough to hold on to the honor of an Englishman.

At Fort Cass, where the Crows did their trading, a drunken Crow had attempted to steal a handsome rifle from the captain, but the watchful officer had caught him in the act, followed him into his lodge, levelled his pistol, and snapped a cap in the Crow's face; whereupon the Indian swung his battle-axe for the Englishman's head, and must have killed him had not Wantawanda, a Crow woman, thrown a shawl between the hatchet and the Englishman's head, causing the weapon to glance. Seeing the Indian enter the lodge, followed by the white man,

she followed also, and so saved the Englishman's life. He knew that she had done this, and upon the impulse of the moment seized her by both hands and tried to thank her, but she could not understand. She only knew that he was splendid, and that her wild heart beat wildly in her sun-browned breast as he held her hands. Presently, when he released her, she picked up the rifle that had been abandoned by the Indian, placed it in the captain's hands, and left the lodge.

The woman was sister to Medicine Calf, the curly-haired Crow chief, who was not a Crow any more than he was a meadow lark, but the Crows did not know this.

Very naturally, now, the Englishman's mind wandered back to the banks of the Yellowstone and to Wantawanda, who had saved his life.

The thing to do, he said, was to go, if the chief said go. Go and fight, and die, if necessary, with the friends of the white man.

He was so earnest, and there was so much truth and justice in what he said, that it was finally so determined; but when they would go they found that the Cheyennes had taken all

their horses and goods and carried them away for safe keeping.

"How is this?" asked Fitzpatrick, entering the lodge of the Cheyenne chief. "You bid us to go, and when we would depart we find all our horses and goods are gone."

"It's only a little way," said the chief; "can't you walk?"

"Yes, but we want our horses."

"You 'll have wings, if white men tell the truth, after this sleep," said the Cheyenne, with a quizzical look, which was his nearest approach to a smile. "My squaws want your crimson cloth, my young men your weapons, and I — well, I can use your fire-water."

"You 'll want ice water in an hour from now, you old thief," said the trapper, levelling his rifle at the Indian, "if you don't trot out my horses!"

"Come," said the Cheyenne, without moving from the robe upon which he sat smoking, "this is not a thing to be settled by you and me. The Crows are our enemies; you say they are your friends; that makes you the enemy of the Cheyenne, to be killed by my braves like any other enemy. I have sent a messenger to the

camp of the Sioux. They will come to the cañon from the sunrise, so," and he drew a half circle on the sand floor — "and we will come from the sunset, so;" and the circle was complete.

"In there will be the Crows with the curly-haired chief, who is neither a white man nor a red man, but a bad black man from the hot country, who kills Cheyennes, Sioux, Black-feet, and As-ne-boines for the fun of it."

"The Medicine Calf is a white man," said Fitzpatrick, "and a great brave."

"So? And does the white chief here, my guest and brother, take the scalp of the Ingin? The lodge of the Medicine Calf is dark with the scalps of my people. He knows not the God of the white man, but goes after his medicine, dances the scalp dance, and marries much Ingin, yet he is not of them. They say his medicine is heap strong — that he can't be killed — we shall see."

"The Medicine Calf is not of this band," said the trapper, resting his rifle in the curve of his left arm. "This band is led by the Little Gray Bull."

"So! Then we shall have the hide of the Little Gray Bull."

"Come, will you have my horses brought?" asked the trapper, tapping his rifle with his rough right hand.

The Cheyenne removed his pipe, swept the air in a circle, and said: "That would not save your scalp, nor the scalps of your men, nor of your friends, the Crows. All about are the Cheyenne braves guarding every trail. You cannot escape. They would come here and kill you now, only you are my guest. They have agreed, if you go with us and fight the Crows, not to kill you, but if you refuse, or if you should so far forget your manners as to murder your host, then you shall all die."

Fitzpatrick saw the folly of resistance, and so bowed to the pagan and backed out, for the pagan had a gun.

When the matter had been discussed in the camp of the trappers it was decided that they should accompany the Cheyennes with as much cheerfulness and *sang froid* as they could command, but when it came to the fight they would all shoot high. Later, if they kept their hair,

Fitzpatrick would explain the whole affair to the mulatto chief, Medicine Calf, and all would be well.

Still the Englishman demurred. There were three or four others in the party, who were out merely for pleasure, but who had been given to understand that in all matters affecting the safety of the party they would be expected to obey the captain, Fitzpatrick, without a murmur. A trapper's outfit in the 20's and 30's was an absolute monarchy, and the captain of the company was the monarch. This fact was impressed upon the Englishman by Dr. Harrison (a son of "Tippecanoe"), and finally the Briton bowed to the inevitable.

The night was nearly done when the white men rolled up their blankets — about all they possessed now — and fell asleep.

Long before day the captain of the trappers was summoned before the chief, who demanded to know the decision of the white men.

"We will follow the great chief," said the trapper, submissively.

"Good! only you must march in front to the cañon, then fall in the middle. We would not

deprive our white brothers of the glory of the battle."

And so they went, the whites in front, followed by all the warriors and braves of the Cheyenne band. At dawn they stood upon the sloping wall of the wide, shallow cañon, the whites in the centre, the Indians on either flank. As the day began to dawn they could discern the Sioux outlined upon the opposite bluff. Down in the quiet vale the Crows still slept, rolled in their blankets, nor dreamed of danger. A more quiet, peaceful scene could not be imagined. It had been raining somewhere afar off toward the Oregon coast, and the far western sky was covered with a flaky veil, through which the blue began to show, lit by the light of breaking morn. Of a sudden the Crows began to spring up. The enemy had been discovered. The water, racing down the cañon after countless cloud bursts, had planed a groove in the bottom of the narrow vale, and in this furrow the Crows placed themselves to receive the shock of the charge. At a signal from the Cheyenne chief the battle began.

The chief in command of the massacre (it

was not a battle, for the Crows were out-numbered fifty to one) soon discovered that the range was too long. The bullets missed the mark, for the Indians at that time were only amateur marksmen, and all the arrows fell short. He ordered his braves to charge, and the scalp-hungry Cheyennes began to slide and fall down the hill, while the Sioux followed the example of their allies. The white men, however, held back, only advancing far enough to avoid punishment at the hands of the Cheyennes. Seeing themselves surrounded and completely cut off, the Crows began that stubborn stand that is invariably made by men who give no quarter and ask none.

As the enemy advanced from either side, the Crows, who were great warriors, and who, owing to their close relations with the whites, always had an abundance of ammunition and good guns, delivered a killing fire, causing their enemies to fall back to the foot of the bluffs. Two or three Cheyennes and as many Sioux had been killed and carried to the rear. A number of warriors had received severe and painful wounds, causing all of them to thirst for the

blood of the Crows. Another charge was ordered. This time the two red lines of nearly naked warriors came nearer to the narrow gully from which the Crows were sending forth a sweeping rain of lead. Many a Crow was seen by the whites, who had remained upon the high ground, to fall from the edge of the ditch as the Cheyennes advanced. After five or ten minutes the Indians broke again, picking up their dead and wounded on the way back to the bluffs. The whites were forgotten now, so wild had the Indians become. A dozen Cheyennes lay dead, and the Sioux had suffered severely. Again they charged. This time they came quite near to the trench that was rapidly filling with the bodies of the brave band, while along the bed of the dry *arroyo* a red rill rippled from the drifted dead. Ever in the wildest of the fight, the waving feathers of the Little Gray Bull, leader of the band, could be seen, first upon one side and then upon the other side of the trench, fighting and calling to the enemy to come on. Gradually the resistance of the Crows grew weaker and weaker, and finally ceased. Again from the death-trench came

the Little Gray Bull, foaming and bellowing, and daring the Indians to come and kill him. The spectacle of this brave, who seemed to bear a charmed life, so terrified the Sioux that they fled by the hundred as he advanced. Turning, the Bull saw that the Cheyennes still held their ground near the trench. Leaping over his dead comrades the chief advanced towards the Cheyennes, waving his battle-axe, and to the amazement of the whites, they too fled. They called to the Crow to go, that he was too great a brave to be killed. "My heart is too full of hate for you," said he, "to accept your mercy. My people will take vengeance upon you and your friends. Come, you cowards, and kill the Little Gray Bull. He has ridden your horses until he is tired of riding. Your squaws are his slaves; his lodge is darkened by the scalps of the Cheyennes."

Again he charged and the Cheyennes crouched still closer to the cliff.

At this juncture, while the whites were admiring, and the Indians dreading, the daring brave, a half-breed Snake, a horse-herder, took aim and shot the Little Gray Bull dead.

"There," said the half savage, who is usually

worse than a whole savage, "we can go to breakfast."

In the trench all were dead except two Crow boys, — moccasin-bearers. These the Cheyennes made prisoners, and after dividing the gruesome trophies of war with the Sioux, the Cheyennes, accompanied by the whites, started back to camp.

As they rode along, the Crow boys sitting behind their respective captors, the little savages held quiet converse by nod and sign. Presently each drew a knife and plunged it into his captor, killing both instantly. The startled braves turned upon the boys and hacked them to pieces. This they had expected, no doubt, but chose death, and this measure of revenge, rather than to become slaves of, or warriors with, the Cheyennes.

Upon reaching camp the Cheyenne chief returned all the horses and other property to the trappers, who, glad to be off, set out for the Crow country. When they had arrived within a few miles of the Crow village Fitzpatrick sent a messenger, asking the curly-haired chief to visit him. The Medicine Calf said he was too

busy, but invited the trapper to come to the village. When the trappers had made camp near the Crows the chief called upon them, and in the evening of the same day Fitzpatrick and his companions returned the call. The splendid horses that the trappers rode attracted the attention of the Crows at once, for they were great horse thieves as well as great warriors.

When the rest had retired to the camp of the trappers without the village Fitzpatrick remained to talk with the Medicine Calf, whom he had known in St. Louis, where he had lived before he became a Crow. Gradually now the trapper told the chief of the massacre of the band of Crows, and of the bravery of the Little Gray Bull. He did not, however, tell how one of his half-breed herders had killed the Bull in order that he might go to breakfast.

The Medicine Calf was in a rage in a moment. He had lived so long with the Crows, had lied so luminously to them about his "medicine," and the awful pull of the rabbit's foot that he wore about his black neck, that he had actually come to take himself seriously and to believe the things he said.

When the trapper had left the hogan of the chief a Crow warrior slid noiselessly into the awful presence.

"Uh! can the Medicine Calf sleep when the enemy is among us?" asked the Indian, seeing the Calf rolled up in his blankets.

"What enemy?"

"The paleface — the enemy that pretends to be a friend. One of them rides my father's horse, which he could only do after killing the Little Gray Bull."

"They are my friends," said the Medicine Calf; "be good to them."

With a grunt that showed disgust the young Indian strode out to spread the story of his discovery throughout the village.

No doubt the Medicine Calf smelled trouble here, but the negro that was in him made him drowsy, the white man that was in him (his father was French) made him wish the rival fur catchers away, while the savage that he had acquired made him more or less indifferent when it was only a question of the life or death of a score or so of the two-legged animals of the earth; so he rolled over and fell asleep.

From a half-breed in the trapper's outfit one of the squaws had the story of the slaughter, but nothing of the part the whites had taken, and when that story met and got mixed up with the horse story the village began to boil. Indians were dodging from lodge to lodge. The son of the Little Gray Bull took command, keeping the warriors away from the chief's lodge, and by midnight had everything arranged for the massacre of Fitzpatrick and his party. They were to take no guns. In order that the peaceful slumbers of the Medicine Calf might not be broken, they had arranged to steal upon the unsuspecting trappers and tomahawk them while they slept.

In a lodge not far from the Medicine Calf an interpreter and clerk for the American fur company, named Winters, was sleeping that night. Shortly after midnight he heard some one creeping into his tent. It was an Indian woman. "Get up," said she, "the Crows are going to kill all the white people that are camped in the cañon."

The interpreter leaped from his couch, when the woman, knowing what he would do,

threw her arms about him and hugged him down.

"Let me go!" he hissed.

"Where?"

"To warn the Medicine Calf and save the people."

"But you cannot. They are guarding him and you. Give me paper-talk. I cannot speak with the white people, but give me paper-talk and I will put it into the hand of the tall brave who rides the big white horse."

"How can you leave the village and reach the camp?"

"I 'll find the way," she said, holding out her hand eagerly for the paper-talk that should warn and save the whites.

Believing this to be the surest and quickest way of reaching the trappers, the interpreter, leaning from the door of his tent, wrote by the dim light of the stars: "Fly for your lives, all of you — the Crows," and signed his name, which was well known to the captain of the trappers.

Noiselessly as a moccasin-footed rabbit moves over the face of a ledge the Indian girl stole

from the tent, and when she had left the village behind her sped through the forest like a frightened deer.

The whites were all asleep, and being in the Crow country, where all whites were considered safe, had no guards out. Already their horses had been rounded up and led away by the Crows. The Indian stole silently into the camp. Near a dim fire she found the English captain and touched his hand. Immediately he sat up. "Who 's here?" he whispered, for the touch of the woman's hand told him that it was the hand of a friend. "Wantawanda," said the girl, pressing the paper into his hand. Holding the letter close to a coal the white man read what was written there. A cold wave swept over him as he got to his feet, just in time to see the faithful Indian, who had once before saved his life, leap into the black forest on her way back to the village. Instantly the captain of the outfit was notified, the camp was awakened, the fires smothered out, and every man ready to mount his horse. Alas! no horses could be found! This was no time to try to find them. Every moment's delay in-

creased the danger, and if the Crows should discover them trying to escape, that would mean death to all of them. Placing himself at the head of the little company of thirty or forty men Fitzpatrick led them in a half-circle around the village and down the river.

And so, when the son of the Little Gray Bull, followed by his band, leaped into the camp of the trappers, they hacked and chopped into the empty blankets that had been abandoned by the white men.

In a little while they found the trail, but could not follow it in the forest. Impatiently they waited for the dawn, and long before it was light enough for a white man to see they were hot upon the trail of the trappers.

Hearing a great noise in the village, the Medicine Calf came from his tent and asked a squaw what the racket was all about.

"The whites have all been killed," said the woman; "did n't you know it?"

Now the white man that was in the curly-haired chief came to the surface. Hastening to the tent of the interpreter he found it full of Crows. The interpreter said he had wanted to go

to the chief, but the Indians would not let him. The whites, he had learned, had gone down the river, followed by about a thousand Indians.

Suddenly the Medicine Calf became wild. Part of this might have been for the benefit of the interpreter, but it seemed real rage. "I am mad!" he shouted in the Crow tongue, leaping upon his war horse. "The Medicine Calf goes to die for his friends, the whites!" and away he went, followed by the "Dog soldiers." Some six or eight miles from the village he overtook the Crows, who were at that moment surrounding the trappers. Dashing through the line the chief rode to where the whites were huddled for a last stand, and shouted to the Indians to stand back. With all his bluster and bravado, his love for the spectacle of Indian warfare and the wild whoop of the slaughter, this more than half white man was absolutely indifferent to personal danger. It required a brave, cool man to face these savages, who were thirsting for the blood of the trappers, whom they regarded as the slayers of their brother-braves.

For a moment it seemed to the little band of

palefaces that they must all be swept away, but by deftly touching the "Medicine" at his throat and reminding the Crows that he was their great chief, that these men were his guests, and that if they deserved killing there was no call for undue haste, he held them back.

In the meantime, speaking in English to the whites, he bade them each mount behind an Indian, — his body guard, or staff, called the "Dog soldiers," because they worshipped dogs, having crowded about to protect their chief.

All the whites mounted save the English captain. "I'll not ride behind one of the thieves," said he; and then, shaking his fist at the Medicine Calf, said in strong English, "Any man who would live among these red devils is a damned rascal."

This so enraged the Calf that he would have made the Englishman suffer for his rashness had he not dreaded the consequences. The interpreter at the village would hear of it, though all the trappers perished in a moment, and it would be hard to explain away. Besides, he would not care to have the blood of so many whites upon his hands; so he let it pass.

Finally the Englishman, rather than be scalped, rode back to the village with the rest.

After much talk the chief succeeded in having the horses and other property restored to the whites, except the horse that had belonged to the Little Gray Bull (which they had brought from the Cheyennes), the fire-water that had evaporated, and the red cloth that the squaws had already ripped up for shawls and blankets.

Again the little army of fur-hunters, adventurers, and sight-seeers, set out for more congenial communities, followed, that night, by the son of the dead Bull and a company of expert horse-thieves. Two sleeps from the Crow village they came upon the camp of the trappers and stole every hoof of their stock, and left them to walk out of the land of the Crows.

After months of wandering in the wilds of the West the English captain reached St. Louis, where he bought a mile of beads, a few acres of crimson cloth, and countless other trinkets, and forwarded them to Fort Cass, for Wantawanda.

A Couple o' Captains

A COUPLE O' CAPTAINS.

"JIMMINY Christmas," groaned Tom, "how my arm aches!"

"Don't think o' your arm," said Gene, twisting in his blankets. "I 'd take your wound for the prospect of promotion that hangs over your head."

"Be quiet," said Tom, and he sighed heavily.

The stars were burning like coals of fire in the blue above them, and all about the winds were breathing in the sagebush. The two boys had been in battle that day — a hot fight with the Sioux — and Tom had belabored and larruped a wily warrior singlehanded and alone under the very nose of the Colonel, and for that reason, and not because he had received a slight though painful wound in his arm, his comrade Gene argued that promotion would come to Tom. It did come, and still another, and in less than a month's time he was a captain.

Gene was a big, brave, strong youth, and it was not long until he, too, began to take on markers at the tops of his shoulders. Without any of that invisible something commonly called "pull," both boys fought themselves up, so that at the end of the five years' strife with the Sioux they were captains of cavalry. It was all very exciting, even thrilling at times. But the war ended one fine day, as wars will, and the two captains found themselves without employment, and one of them at least without tangible means of support. The disbanding of the army had thrown some thousands of men suddenly upon a country in which all the good jobs seemed to be filled.

"We must do something," said Tom.

"Yes," assented his friend; "we 'll have to get married or go to work sooner or later, I suppose."

"I wish we could get into something together."

"Like enough if we did get in together, they 'd put us in separate cells," said Gene. He had money — not much perhaps — but money, and parents well-to-do, and could af-

ford to joke. But it was a serious matter with Tom. He was as poor as a Greek and as proud as a Spaniard. One day he hailed Gene with a happy shout, and announced that he had a job for both, where they could work together by day and bunk together at night.

"So it's work, is it?" asked Gene, looking his friend over.

"Well, yes. You were not expecting a job stopping balls in a tennis court, were you?"

"Not exactly; but I thought we were going into some sort of business together."

"This is business — good business, and you wind it up with a brake-chain every time the whistle blows."

"What is it?"

"Braking on the Burlington."

"W-h-at?"

"Braking on the Burlington."

Gene smiled.

The Burlington had just been opened as far as Omaha, and Ottumwa was only a small settlement. Iowa was right out on the raw edge of the wide, wild West. The Indians were wrecking stations and robbing freight cars, and

a flagman three cars from the caboose could n't call his scalp his own.

"Passenger train, I presume?" said Gene, breaking the hush.

"Freight."

"What?"

"Freight."

"Say, Tom, you 're crazy. What you want to throw yourself away on a box car for? It won't do — not for me — it 's preposterous!"

"It beats walking."

"Perhaps, but we have n't had to walk yet. Think of it! Society column of the Chicago 'Tribune,' 'Captain Smith and Captain Jones are braking on freight out of Ottumwa.' Come, Tom, I 'm not broke yet; besides, you are too young and handsome to be killed."

"Then you won't go?"

"No," said Gene, and he commenced to sing: "Don't you go, Tommy, don't go; stay away, Tommy, don't go."

"Well, I 've always feared it would come to this sooner or later," said Tom. He held out his hand, and Gene took it.

"I love you, Tommy," said he; "but I can't

join you in a blue jumper and go skating with you over the icy tops of rolling box-cars."

"Good-bye," said Tom.

"Good-bye! God be good to you, captain —my captain!"

"The same to you," called Tom, and his friend watched him wander away down among the cars in the newly railed freight yards.

"Ticket," called the conductor.

The man was reading.

"Ticket," and he touched the man's shoulder, and the man looked up.

"Why—hel-lo, Tom. What you doing?"

"I'm trying to run this train," said Tom, passing the punch to his left hand in order to shake the hand the passenger held out.

When the conductor had worked the train, he came back to the passenger with the book.

"Say, Gene," said the ticket-taker, "I was so elated over this unexpected pleasure that I forgot to get your ticket. You ought to be ashamed to make me ask the third time for it."

"Well, you can keep right on, for I've got

no ticket. I had barely time to throw myself aboard as the train pulled out."

"Well, you've got money, haven't you? 'Cause if you haven't, I know where you can borrow."

Gene smiled and gave up, and then the two ex-captains of cavalry sat and talked of the old days, when there were no railroads there.

"Well, Tom, you've made a great success of this railroad business, and I'm proud of you," said Gene, glancing at the bright blue uniform the captain wore.

Tom smiled. "What are you driving at, Gene?"

"Readin' law."

"Well," said Tom, "I guess that'll beat brakin' on freight."

And so the two men talked on to the end of the run; the conductor dropped off, and the law student went on to Chicago.

In the jam and crowd about the gates of the Burlington station at Chicago men often bump up against old comrades unexpectedly, and so it fell out that as Gene was sweeping

through a narrow gate he ran bang into a man.

"Hello, Gene," said the man; "wait a moment."

Gene waited impatiently, for five minutes, it seemed to him. He was glad enough to meet an old friend, but the diagram had gone to the sleeping-car conductor, and Gene wanted to secure a place. Finally, as the train was about to pull out — in fact the time was up by the big clock on the wall — the waiting traveller was gladdened by the reappearance of the busy man.

"What's the matter with you, Tom? Do you want me to get left?"

Tom smiled. "My dear Gene, don't you know this train would not pull out without you?"

"That's all very funny," Gene replied; "but I've got no place to sleep."

"Well, you won't sleep much to-night, for you are going to sit up and visit with me."

By this time Tom had been met by a smart black porter, who, at a faint signal from his master, took the hand baggage from the over-

anxious traveller and ran up the rear steps of the rearmost car.

"Is this my car?" asked Gene, stopping and glancing along the platform.

"No, it's mine; but you can ride. Come, hand yourself aboard; I sha' n't make you put up this trip."

The train conductor, ever alert, saw the two men enter the car, lifted his white light, and the big engine breathed softly, and moved out of the station shed.

Gene, following the trail of the black boy, stood upon the platform of a car that seemed to be all plate glass, and stepped hesitatingly into a luxurious drawing-room.

"Now what 's all this folderol, Tom!" asked Gene, for he had been abroad and had lost track of his old "pal" of the plains.

Tom was a modest man, and so told his friend in a modest way that he was the General Manager, and that this was the private car that the company had given over for his comfort and convenience. We may suppose it was a pleasant evening that the two captains passed as the train carried them away to the West.

A few years later Tom left the Burlington and went over to take charge of the Union Pacific. He had an agreement that gave him a fabulous salary, and the written promise of the owners of the property that the road should be run by him from Omaha and not by anyone else, and, above all, that he should not be compelled to take signals from the seaboard, given by men who were in the habit of putting a day coach in the shops to have the stove changed to "the front end," instead of turning the car on the table or running it round a "Y."

This good and useful man had been at his new post but one short year when he was called in by the Great Manager of the Universe, and when the news of his death went over the wire it made heavy the hearts of thousands of railway employees all over this continent, for he was, without question, one of the most humane managers that has ever lived.

All night long, from North to South, from East to West, as the conductor swung down from a coach or a way car, the operator would meet him and say in a low tone, "Tom Potter's

dead." In most cases the conductor would make no reply, but when he handed the order up to the engineer, he would say, as the operator had said to him, "Tom Potter 's dead."

"No!" the engineman would say, turning to watch the conductor, who was already taking his way sadly back to the caboose to break the news to the brakemen.

"What 's that?" asks the fireman.

"Tom Potter 's dead." And then the engineer would open the throttle slowly, and if she slipped, he gave her sand and humored her and he did n't swear.

The other captain, who has also made a name and a place for himself, is still with us. He is the "split-trick" in the prosperous law firm of Gleed, Ware and Gleed, of Topeka. He is the wholesome, happy two-hundred-pound poet of the Kansas capital whose pen-name is "Iron Quill;" and if you doubt this story it is probably because you have been reading romances and have lost confidence in the simple true tales that from time to time appear in print.